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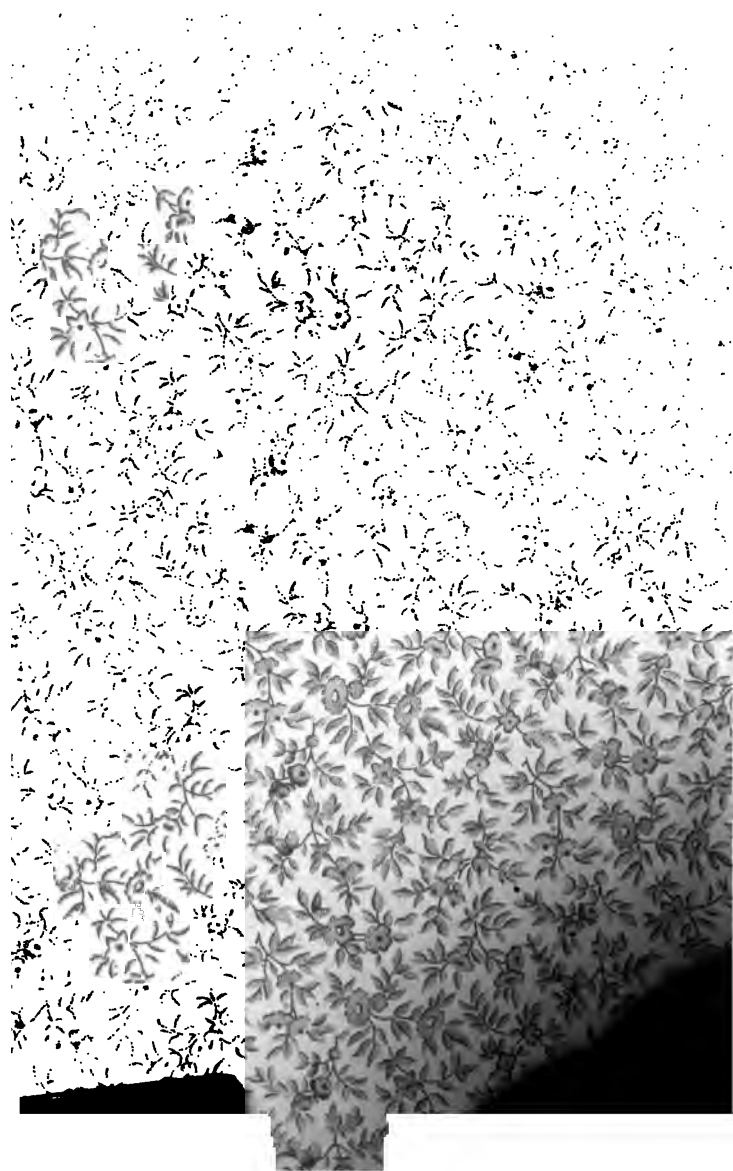
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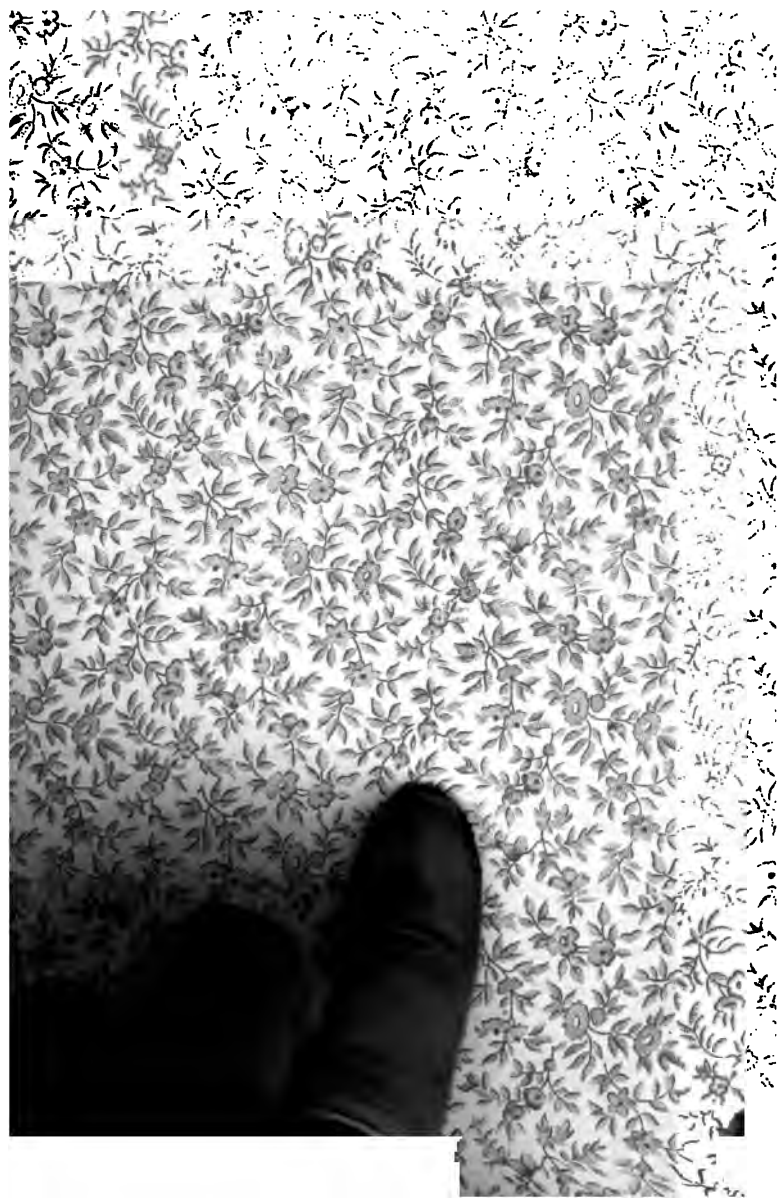


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At The ANTIPODES

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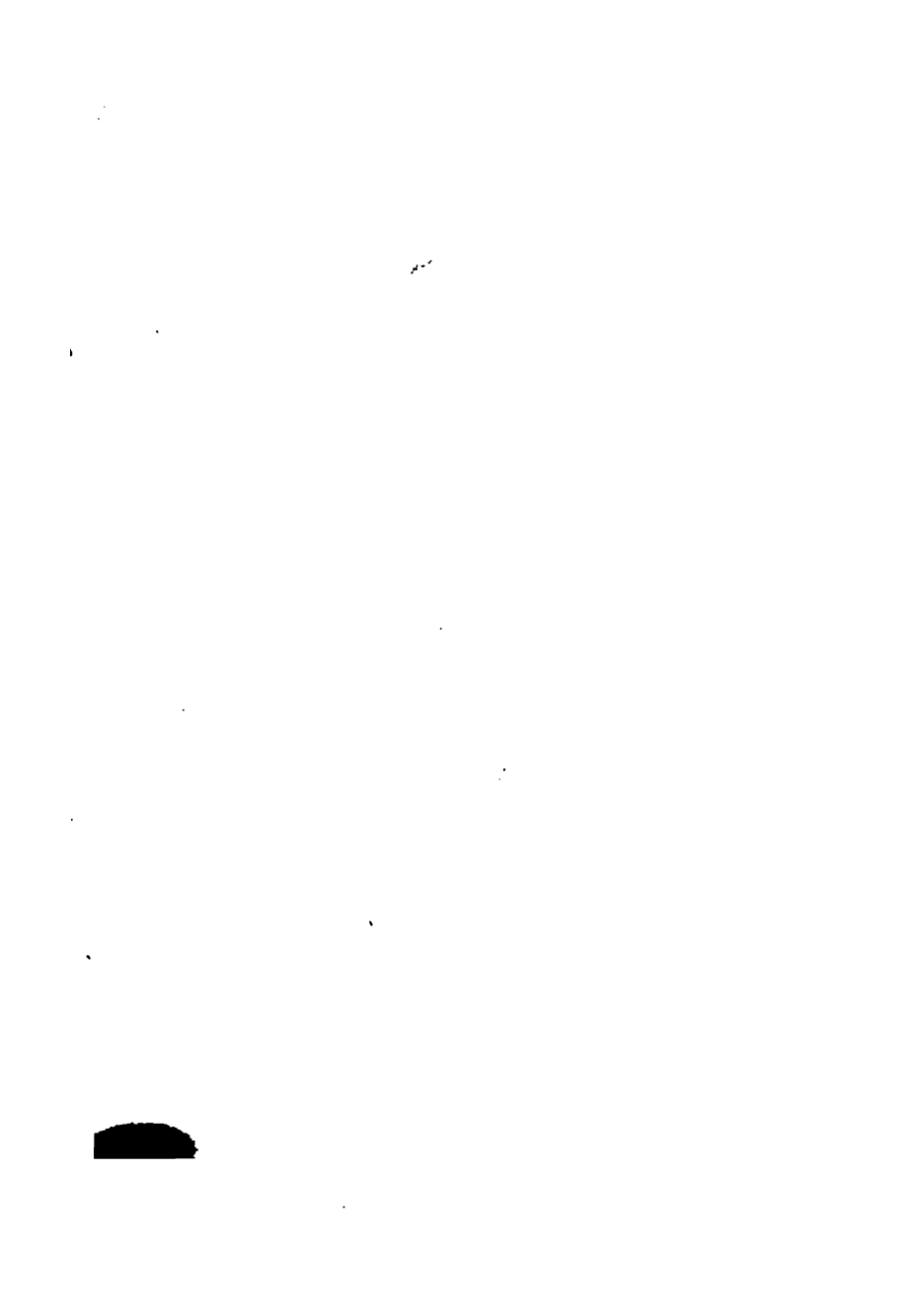
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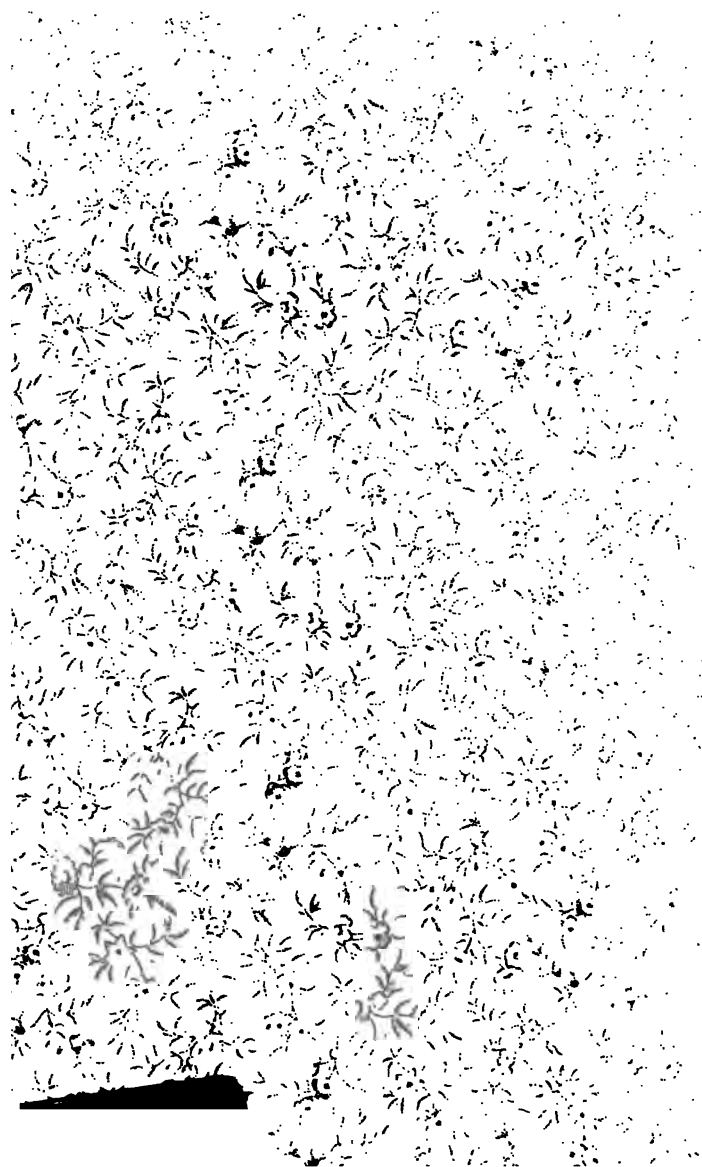
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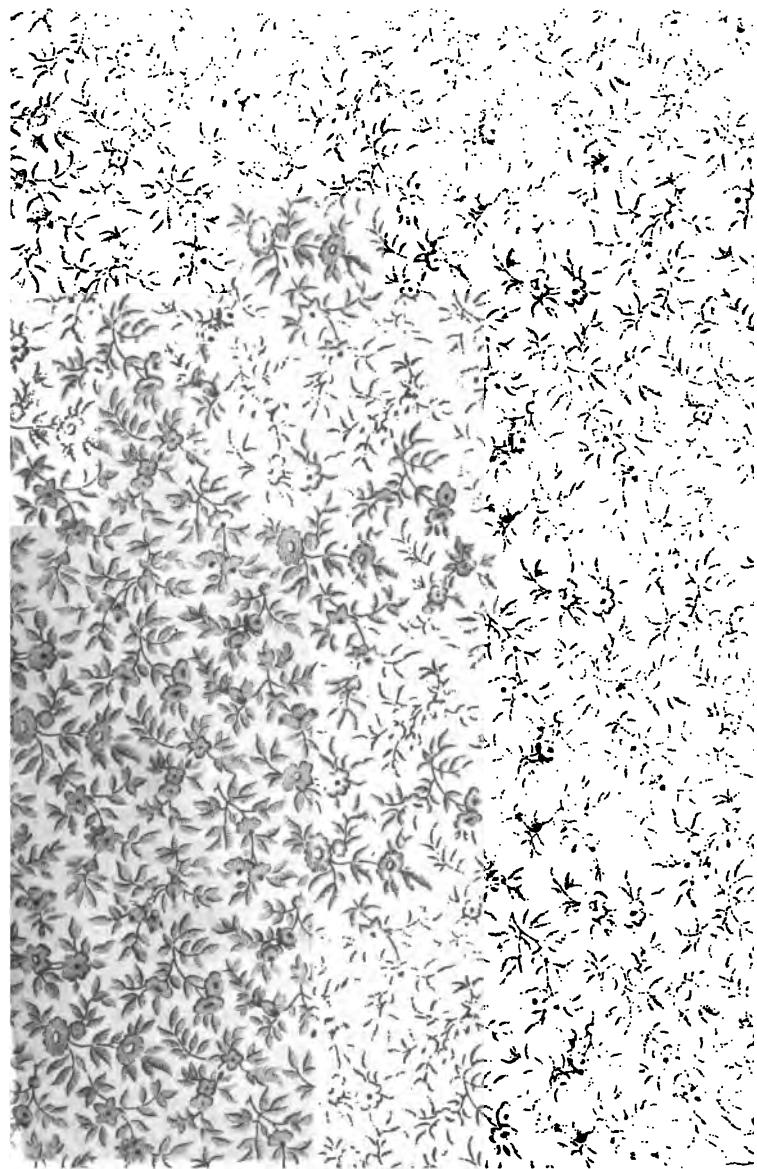


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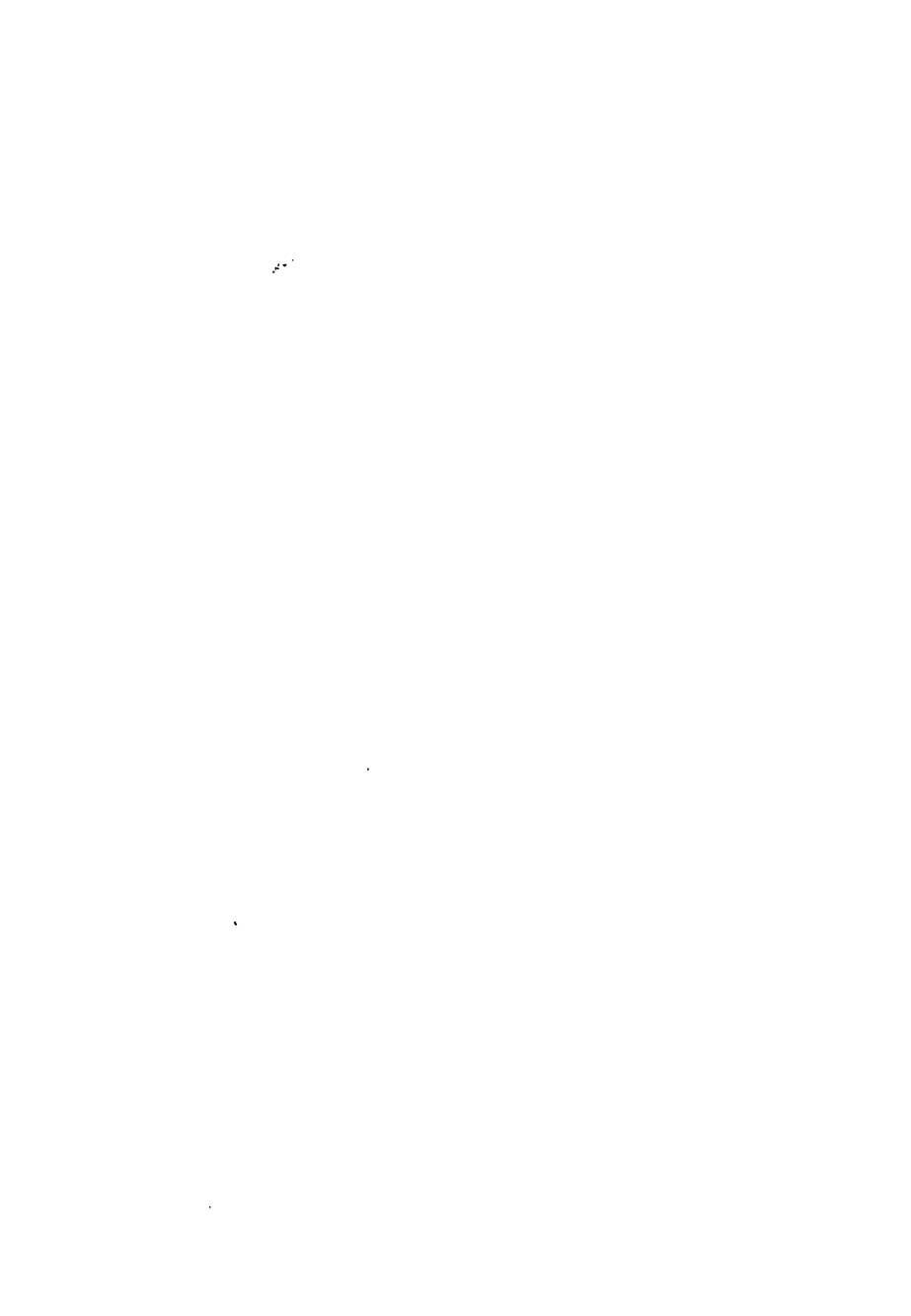




1820. 1821. 1822.



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A ROMANCE AT THE ANTIPODES

BY

MRS. R. DUN DOUGLASS

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CHAPTER I.

" Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.
Pluck one thread and the web ye mar ;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the painful jar
Through all will run."

WHITTIER.

" IT is astonishing how easily it rains in England," is the original remark my brother volunteers, as he turns from a window in Hotel Royal, Plymouth, one dull November morning. " It comes down so slowly and gently that a little water goes a great way in the nature of a long-drawn-out spread."

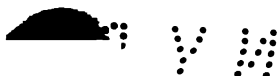
Plymouth is prettily situated in the lovely county of Devonshire ; but we are weary of its attractions, and even sated with its clouted cream. We have whiled away four rainy days by visiting Stone House, the Hoe, and other points of interest ; have duly admired the Devonport Navy Yard, with its superb dry-docks ; and are heartily glad to hear of the arrival this day of the good ship *Florence*, which is to carry us to the Antipodes.

The next morning proves wretchedly rainy and murky, as usual, so that our transfer in a small open tug from Plymouth Dock to our

ship is by no means a pleasant operation. It is, however, successfully accomplished ; but as we step upon the main deck the outlook is cheerless indeed. The flag hangs like a limp string, and every object seems fairly streaming with moisture. My state-room, being a stern one, is large, and has four port-holes. It is comfortably fitted up with easy-chairs and rugs. The book-shelves contain many volumes of favorite authors, which gives one a "homey" feeling.

Soon the rattling of chains announces the heaving in of the anchor ; then there is creaking of cordage, flapping of shrouds, and complication of confused sounds, and at last we are *en route* for Australia. There is a stiff head-wind, and we plunge heavily into the rough sea. The waves run high, every little while a fierce one arrests the ship in mid career and tosses her with frantic tremors aloft, until shivering and shrinking, she drops down, tremulous but unconquered, into the trough of the sea, sullenly ready to renew the contest for supremacy. The sea seems to say : " I will beat you and shake you until I drive you away " ; and the ship responds with many a doleful groan, and fills the air with mournful sounds, but vouchsafes no other reply.

We might have sailed from London in the *Florence*, but our decision to board her at Ply-



mouth was certainly fortunate, for we learn that the Channel trip was unusually boisterous. The life-boats were stove in, and the good ship narrowly escaped being wrecked on the coast of France. We had been informed that a sailing ship would pitch, but not roll. Certainly for lying first on one side, and then on the other, dancing about and apparently going all ways at once, the *Florence* would take the lead.

After succumbing for three days to uncomfortable sensations while rolling around in the Bay of Biscay, I venture on deck one fine morning and find a pleasing group of young people near the wheel. My deck-chair is happily placed in their vicinity, where I may be cheered by the sound of their merry voices. At times the thought of being on the bosom of this desert of blue for an indefinite period is simply distracting. One longs for something nobler and broader than a purely animal existence, which, though beneficial physically to me to-day, may occasion utter vacuity of brain. The loss of accustomed occupations and pleasures depresses one's spirits; but on the other hand, the air is deliciously stimulating, and we are treated to most lovely, evanescent, ever-changing seascapes, while there is a delightful sense of freedom from responsibility. We are neither here nor there, and amenable to no laws, save those of the aquatic gods.

When the weighty "oughts" are all off duty,
Life truly seems a thing of beauty,
Until we weary of too much play,
And long again to work all day.

My brother and I are the only Americans among fifty-six more or less sturdy Britons. Experience inclines us to extreme conservatism in the formation of friendships, and, while interested in those around us, we resolve not to drift into any thing deeper than casual acquaintanceship until we learn, through tell-tale words and actions, to differentiate between the desirable and undesirable companions.

There are always restless spirits roaming around who respect no one's privacy; therefore, the best way to secure immunity from intrusion at all hours is to immediately form a plan for the day which will leave but a small portion to be frittered away, for we share the popular prejudice in favor of having a portion of one's time to one's self. The anticipated refreshing repose and quietude of life in a sailing ship are found wanting. Freedom from the vibrations of machinery is of course enjoyed, but there are the necessarily noisy bracing and trimming of yards, and the hoarse cries of the sailors while throwing the log, heaving the lead, etc. Morning slumbers are all too early disturbed by the pumping of water, accompanied by the careless dropping

of buckets overhead during the washing of the decks, to be succeeded by quoit and cricket playing, or firing at bottles, all of which, together with piano practising by unskilled musicians, is rather trying to delicate nerves. To one fond of analytical character-study, however, the public, unguarded life of shipboard affords a fine field, for within this narrow sphere all the feelings and passions of humanity are represented, and from the paucity of events personalities become more important. Many strange and unforeseen things are brought to the surface by the process of vivisection which all undergo.

In mixed assemblies there is usually found a sprinkling of queer people whose erratic proceedings and open indulgence of pet peculiarities furnish never-failing topics of conversation. While we have our share of these independent individuals, chiefly portly dames, we are gladdened by the presence of a fair proportion of charming lassies, as well as goodly men.

I infer from the variety of expression in form and feature that various strata are represented in this social pot-pourri. Oh! for a Reade or a Hardy, who, with a few rapid strokes of his pen, could present vivid pictures of the emotions concealed beneath these unknown but not impassive exteriors. It is only novelists who lay bare the quivering of hearts for the outside

world to dissect; novelists alone, who exhibit life fully rounded. Are not autobiographies necessarily one-sided? Who would record or publish other than his best thoughts and desires to be handed down to posterity? Biographies are even less complete; they narrate only what people say and do, never what they think. The world would laugh if I should attempt the simplest monograph of any of my fellow-passengers. Nay! nay! that will I not do. Too well do I realize my lack of the special gift that would require. Still, the imp of folly inspires me with a desire for a ship portrait-gallery, even though graced by no Meissonier gems, exquisite in detail and finish. *Au contraire*, there will be mere outlines, more vague than Whistler's Sketches, and leaving much to the imagination. Perhaps a bright eye may gleam out here and there, or an arch smile dimple o'er a pretty face, but there will be no attempt to delve into the mines below and fathom the motives that actuate the events of the passing hours. I have too much sympathy for the misjudged to be willing to take the slightest risk of placing any one in that category.

For several days I have watched with a singular fascination a blue-robed, lithe, willowy figure, swaying in undulating motion, whose free elasticity of step as she rapidly paces the quarter-deck betokens youth and health. Capt.

Ardent informs me that the fair incognito is Miss Amélie Hardcastle, travelling with her brother-in-law, Sir Edward Byerly, and her sister, Lady Byerly.

Miss Hardcastle seems to be the centre and life of a circle of admiring friends. I have at length become acquainted with her, and it is a treat to meet any one so thoroughly original. To describe her is difficult. Her face lights up with an electric glow in conversation, but sinks into a strangely severe expression in repose. Especially remarkable are her wondrous eyes, ever darkling, variously sparkling with sentiments tender and gay, they shine out from beneath their fringed lids with almost magnetic power. It is impossible to delineate her character. She is indeed *sui generis*, kaleidoscopic, chameleon-like, varying with her environments. Her conversation is full of light humor, catching a tint and a glow from every thing around her. It abounds in pretty pleasantries, but one could never do her justice in attempting to quote her bright sayings. They need her indescribably pleasing and gracious manner as their appropriate setting. Always light-hearted, she gives her playful fancies free scope in graphic word-pictures of almost overwhelming fluency. She says her stock of facts is so small that imagination is her only capital. It certainly illuminates every

sentiment, and gives her great power over us all. As the fragrant white jessamine in a garden of hollyhocks and dahlias, so does she compare with the surrounding maidens; at times she is truly picturesque in appearance, especially when attired in those soft, low, neutral tints in which Gifford Dyer loves to paint his women. There is always a striking individuality, a matchless air of refinement about all her pertainings which invariably give out an odor of *fleur d'iris*. She protects herself with a certain reserve which impresses one with a sense of force and will-power beneath her charm of manner, for she fascinates alike the old and the young. I can quite understand a man's feeling that he would risk all to obtain her love.

There are, besides, several quiet, lady-like girls, with fair hair and pretty figures, all possessing one or more accomplishments, which they are willing to use to contribute to the general entertainment. They wear flamboyant hats of gigantic size to protect their really lovely complexions. They have been educated at home by governesses, and consider it perfectly proper that nearly every thing was expended upon their brothers, while they were shoved aside and received humbly and thankfully what was left. They are constantly overshadowed by the masculine members of their families and prefer to sacrifice themselves in

every way for them. That they should object to man's monopoly of the best of every thing never for one instant enters their heads. They are only emancipated in the matter of out-door sports.

Miss Lawrence is a charming girl, and regards her only brother with an affection which is but little short of idolatry. It would not be safe to remark to her on a flaw in his character. She would annihilate you with one glance of her flashing dark eyes. This brother was brought to the verge of the grave with pneumonia last year, and in speaking of it, with tears in her eyes, she said: "I felt if my brother were to die that there would be nothing in life worth living for." I believe she would decline the alluring gifts of love, rank, and wealth from one of England's truly great and honored men, preferring a future devoid of light, save such as is cast on her pathway by a brother's whims. Sitting by his fireside, knitting socks for his posterity, and nursing them through their various illnesses, would compensate her for the loss of the most brilliant prospects. This unselfish devotion is so much a matter of course that the brother receives it without a thought of repaying it in kind.

Mrs. Brownell is a fair-haired middle-aged, poetical dame, whose dress flightily sweeps the deck as she walks. Her head is so wrapped in

the mists of theosophy that her vision is fogged, and she fails to perceive the pitfalls of misery with which her efforts at perfectibility surround her children. She discourses delightfully on the duties of motherhood, but is thought to be strangely neglectful of them. She feels assured that her small hands and tapering fingers were formed for a higher purpose than the purely utilitarian one of ministering to the comfort of others.

Mrs. Brownell aspires to literary laurels. Ambition is written in every feature, and one seems to hear her saying: "Yonder is the dome of the temple of fame; thrice have I essayed to reach it, and each time failed, but I will conquer or die. My name shall be enrolled with those of Bacon, Macaulay, and Scott, and the works which I have written shall render me immortal. Then only shall I live—live like a goddess; and posterity shall praise me."

In her efforts to reach this goal she swerves off at a tangent from her duty, and tramples upon the best affections of her heart. After expending all her energies in pursuit of a chimera, will she not find herself a weary, worn, and fretful woman, stranded on the shoals of time ere she reaches her shrine?

Mrs. Brownell's eldest daughter, Giovannelli, is a handsome brunette, aged eighteen. Bright and piquante, she would be very attractive

were it not that she is decidedly of the snapping-turtle order. Her physiognomy indicates a discontented disposition, grievous to see in one so young. Poor child! is she blame-worthy? Nothing so soon warps the nature and turns the milk of human kindness into gall and bitterness as the rankling, impotent rage which injustice creates. Powerless to help herself, Miss Brownell's sense of justice must be constantly outraged by the supreme indifference of her sublimated mother, who soars so high into the blue empyrean that she cannot condescend to the grovelling pursuit of caring for the material comfort of her family. Miss Brownell has no time to soar; she is too much occupied in her unsuccessful efforts to keep her brothers—there are six of them—from playing in the fo'castle, and with the pigs and chickens. The strongest emotion of which her nature seems capable is an intense and utter loathing for transcendentalism and all the other "isms" which furnish pinions for her mother's flights into the ethereal infinite. Absolutely devoid is she of any hereditary predisposition to take wing and fly in the aerial course of her maternal ancestor.

Miss Darling, alias "The Sphinx," always comes on deck as if prepared to catch a city bus, holding a green umbrella, shawl and bag in hand, and wearing a straw hat, thick veil,

and blue goggles. She is a little fossilized old woman, done in sepia, skin, eyes, and hair all to match. Inscrutable as regards her private sentiments, she manages to disguise them under a bland smile. To a superficial acquaintance she has a way of saying little, but looking wondrous wise, as if she might favor you with the most erudite opinions were not her thoughts upon so lofty a plane that your small mind could never, even in imagination, attain to them. This imposed upon us at first, and we were duly impressed with a sense of superiority; but as no one has yet heard her give utterance to one new thought, either poetic, æsthetic, or philosophic, the question arises: is she, after all, such a well-spring of knowledge and profundity of wisdom as she would have us believe? She claims to have read every thing worth reading, and yet feels so young that she cannot realize your feeling ten years younger; she is a great walker; and on this account, and also on account of her claims to superiority, she is dreaded by the gentlemen, and her promenades in rough weather are limited by her difficulty in procuring a companion, despite the attractive smile with which she allures them.

Nowhere is a mirth-provoking individual more fully appreciated than at sea, where people are thrown entirely upon their own resources for

amusement. Any one fertile in expedients for raising a laugh is set upon a pinnacle far above his less inventive companions; but the ship oracle's pre-eminence is short-lived.

The actor who sits near us at table, nicknamed "Liddly Push," is the most entertaining man on board, although so mercurial in his temperament that he gives way at times to fits of great depression. He is a big burly man, with a large, smooth, elastic face, which he wrinkles up at will, till he appears a decrepit nonogenarian; shortly after, he is a simpering maiden fair, afraid to help himself to bread without an appealing "May I, please?" His instantaneous changes of facial expressions are marvellous, and keep the young ladies in a continual ripple of laughter. It is not so much what he says, as his irresistibly comic manner, which renders him so diverting. His leave-takings when, as he expresses it, he is "off for the Continong," are most absurd. He then appears in a shabby and loose-fitting old coat, ridiculously demoralized standing collar, huge slouch hat, patched trousers turned up at the bottom, shoes several sizes too large for him, with strings tied around the ankles, and a most dilapidated umbrella and carpet-bag in hand. His make-up is capital, and as he, with imperturbable gravity, visits the different rooms to say adieu, shouts of merriment follow him.

To anticipate a little, at Christmas-time his bon-bon motto contained a flaring old woman's Mother-Hubbard cap, with long cloak. Attired in these, the strings of the cap tied neatly under the chin, he was truly feminine in appearance, and pursing up his mouth in a perfectly comical way, he seated himself on the piano-stool just under the mistletoe and offered yearly tickets to those who wished to "kiss me quick." Then he announced that as a great pressure had been put upon him, and business was so brisk, he would sell season tickets, and afterward he offered, as the slack season approached, monthly subscription tickets. He thinks water is good to sail upon, and for certain household purposes, but not to drink. He can always prove to his own satisfaction, in *Richard Carstairs* style, that if he spends a pound less than he expected to upon a certain luxury, as compensation for his prudence he is immediately entitled to expend five pounds upon some other superfluity. He gives out as the result of mature reflection upon what his observation on this voyage has taught him, that "if he had twelve daughters to marry off he would feel that he had given them every opportunity of settling themselves in life by sending them on a long sea voyage—the longer the better."


The Parson, or "The Ladies' Walking-Stick," is noticeable for his mild love-making under the

guise of religious discussions. He evidently thinks that there is safety in numbers, for he flits like a butterfly from flower to flower. Meek-eyed daisies and gorgeous columbines are favored alike with metaphysics, materialism, and sentiment. Can it be that he will at last settle down and bestow the remnant of his heart upon some deserving damsel?

Mr. Ursa Major is an incipient valetudinarian, an especially worthy individual in his own estimation, but regarded by others as a domestic torment and public nuisance. He has a great idea of his own superiority, both as a man and as a husband, in accordance with which view he bullies both wife and children. He is said to have plenty of bawbees, but evinces a marked disinclination to parting with them; he was once known to give three pence to a sailor after he had rowed him for three hours under a tropical sun. Singularly lacking in ability to see things from other than his own point of view, he cannot understand why the sailors, in trimming the yards, etc., should not always walk on the starboard side so as not to disturb his sleep on the port side. He is not stupefied with ignorance, but what little he does know is paraded in a manner so offensive that it is highly irritating to his hearers.

As a contrast to Ursa Major, it is certainly refreshing to turn to Mr. Pelham-Gower, who

towers like a young Zeus above all the other men on shipboard. He is a scion of an ancient and honorable county family, who have, through extravagance, been obliged to part with a portion of their large estates. Sutherland Pelham-Gower, a younger son, was not one to stand aside, floating with the tide away from the stirring conflicts, leading a negative existence of no value to himself nor mankind. On the contrary, his eager hands seized with no uncertain grasp the armorer's hammer; and striking with vigor the incandescent bar of fate, he toughened his muscles for victorious combat in the battle of life, for which he was well fitted by nature, and rang out merry sounds upon the anvil of time. He early stepped into the arena of the law, winning for himself by dint of plodding, persistent labor, an excellent position as a London barrister; and he deserved well this rest from his arduous duties, for his sympathetic nature led him to take upon his own strong shoulders much of the work of his friends. His clear intellect enables him to reach conclusions quickly, and his memory never fails him. He can quote authorities innumerable, giving the volume, page, and paragraph in which they are recorded. His brow and general contour of head are Napoleonic. His nose and mouth are too large to be perfect, but these are redeemed by his fine



eyes and regular white teeth, so that on the whole, one could not fail to regard him as a pleasing type of manly good-looks, for he has a superb physique ; he is six feet four inches tall, and broad in proportion. Hearty in manner, and full of good-nature and go, he is always ready to lend a helping hand to one in need. Straightforwardness and thorough reliability are prominent characteristics. It is not strange that he should show some attention to Miss Hardcastle, for the families had long maintained an hereditary friendship, although the young members chanced never before to have met.

Mr. Pelham-Gower came on board well equipped with books, intending to refresh his mind in regard to some knotty points of law during the voyage. In accordance with this purpose, he mounts aloft with his folios and passes occasional mornings on the mizzen-top, where, beyond the sound of voices, he can, from his lofty perch, view all that occurs below. Do the graceful movements of Miss Hardcastle absorb more of his thoughts than the less interesting, latest decisions in equity?

Several young men are hammering away with great vigor upon sovereigns which they form into rings, each one possibly actuated by the hope that perchance his ring, as a souvenir of the voyage, may adorn Miss Hardcastle's fair hand.

Last evening she played and sang. It was the first time we had heard her sweet, full, delicious voice. Mr. Pelham-Gower was seemingly enthralled. He hung over her chair, admiration beaming in every feature, though evidently the encores and rounds of applause from the "Home Rulers" were quite too vociferous to please his fastidious taste. He seemed to fairly bask in the sunshine of her joyous smiles, while his soul yielded homage to her pure freshness. Hers is no ideal loveliness, no mere perfection of feature, for one of her great charms is that she appears the personification of a cheerful mind in a sound body. Is there a subtle sympathy between Mr. Pelham-Gower and herself, a silver cord which draws them together?

The inevitable propinquity of ship life is very dangerous to hearts. He at least appears to be drifting towards the maelstrom of love. "I declare," said Giovannelli Brownell, "I am almost ill from hearing the praises of Miss Hardcastle sounded. Her vivacity is praised one minute, and her perfect repose the next. I hate her! She is true to herself always, but false to all others. Repose! Yes, it is easy enough for her to have repose of manner, knowing that the men adore what she leaves undone as well as what she does. All of her faults are treated as if they were virtues, and

all of her virtues are phenomenal. Repose! Yes, let her have her nerves continually rasped by things she wants to straighten out, and cannot,—and she will crumble her bread at table and twist her fingers around just as energetically as some other people whom I know. Instead of ‘Oh! what may man,’ etc., I say:

‘Oh! what may *she* within her hide,
Though angel on the outward side.’

Already she has flirted with nearly every man on ship-board; each in succession had his turn, and now *pour passer le temps* she is alluring Mr. Pelham-Gower on with false hopes. She probably will not allow him to really court her, because she wishes to retain him as her faithful servitor, who may be convenient to use as a counterpoise to the others. She understands Elizabethan tactics, if any one ever did!”

“No, no, Giovannelli,” I replied, “you do that good, sweet girl great injustice. I believe her the prototype of innocence. She was endowed by nature with a happy disposition, and was nurtured under the brightest skies, amid the genial atmosphere of a lovely home. No sable clouds floated across the horizon of her young life. Her nature is so wonderfully flexible that she can adapt herself to any circumstances, and fit herself into any groove. Happy as a bird herself, she now dispenses the sunshine with which

she was nourished, and cannot help smiling upon all, for she fairly radiates happiness. But her honors are dearly paid for. Because men regard her as the summary of engaging qualities, she now finds detractors among the women."

CHAPTER II.

"They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest."

W. D. HOWELLS.

I AM beginning to realize that it would require a more industrious scribe than myself to give pen-and-ink pictures of all the individuals who constitute our floating population. By this time, however, our ship's company is nicely arranged into little cliques, so that a brief view of their various characteristics will answer.

We will start with the natural proposition that those who form the different circles are joined to each other, if not by the strong forces of attractive affinity, at least by the gentle cohesion of related tastes. I am writing from a purely exoteric point of view, and will endeavor to be perfectly fair. My brother, however, belongs to one of the circles, and as I do not lay claim to historical impartiality of mind, I may be a trifle partisan, inclined to flatter my own *amour propre* by chronicling the achievements of his particular band.

The "Polly Wollies" are chiefly good-natured, easy-going mediocrities, with an unceasing flow of commonplace conversation, but they stagger under any thing heavy. Sound them and they are as tinkling cymbals. They have

the well-to-do appearance of successful tradespeople, and are invariably lunching or sipping tea. The majority of them came provided with spirit-lamps and stores of sweet biscuits.

They pass the greater part of the lovely afternoons in one or another of the stuffy cabins, and emerge, laughing and chattering, about five P.M., declaring that they never in their lives enjoyed any thing so much. They had had much fun over the difficulties of tea-making; the rolling of the ship had upset either spirits or water, and some of them were doubled up in a promiscuous heap upon the floor. They are strangely playful, even kittenish at times, and given to practical jokes. They are full of vivacity, and it seems to effervesce so that they cannot walk many times around the deck without patting, pinching, or otherwise disturbing the little groups of readers that are scattered here and there.

The Home Rulers, or the "Noisy Crowd," have received their title from appearing to be in opposition to law and order. One is a regular Yorick; another, who is of Falstaffian proportions and proclivities, sows broadcast the seeds of riotous mirth. They all retire frequently, for a very private "confab," to one of the large cabins. There is something suspicious in these secret caucuses, a manipulation of something which they care not to make public. It

is surmised that cards with spirituous accompaniments play a prominent part in these mysterious proceedings. Their table conversation is chiefly in the nature of reminiscences. Signs and nods pass muster with them as witty conceits. One or two of the Home Rulers are inclined to be apologetic for belonging to that set, but they seem to coalesce right cordially with them none the less. They have no solid information, no flash or sparkle, and are simply dead weights on the hands of those who are not of them.

The Conservatives are the exact antithesis of the Home Rulers. Although few in number, they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. They might be styled a galaxy of social luminaries, who emit scintillations of wit and humor. One lives by science; another breathes in Sanscrit; a third is as nearly evolutionized as possible.

When conversing mechanically upon everyday topics they seem to sit on corners of chairs and do not know where to put their feet. But once start them on their pet hobbies, and presto! they are potentates clothed in the dignity of masterdom. How I have wished for pencil and paper to jot down every word of the philosophical discussions to which I have been a delighted listener!

One of the Conservatives has travelled the

wide world over, and has met nearly everybody worth knowing, people of whom we have all heard. He gives most interesting accounts of the discovery of some old deserted cities in the Syrian Desert, east of the Hauran. Um el Jernal he describes as the most perfect of the cities. It stands alone in the desert, surrounded by a high wall, forming a rectangle. The streets are many of them paved, with open spaces, such as we should call squares. Several fine public buildings were found there, and one large tower, on which were three inscriptions in red Greek letters. There were many red crosses on it. Some of the houses were very large, consisting usually of three rooms on the ground floor, and two above, the stairs being formed by large stones built into outside wall and leading up outside. The doors were of stone, some of them highly ornamented folding-doors. "So perfect was every street, every house, every room," said he, "that I could almost have fancied, as I wandered round in this city of the dead, that I had come upon one of those enchanted cities one reads of in the 'Arabian Nights,' where the whole population has been petrified for a century. Every house is built of huge square blocks of basalt, sometimes of enormous length and thickness. All the rooms are rectangular, and the door is usually of one solid piece of stone,

sometimes six feet high and one foot thick. There is a peg of stone which projects from the top of the door. This fits into a hollow in the frame, and the door moves easily in its socket."

Sir Edward Byerly is one of the Conservatives, although a Radical in politics. Liberal as he is, he does not approve of Gladstone's Irish policy. He gave us a lecture upon free trade. Beginning with an Englishman's hat, he went down to his shoes, and mentioning the cost of each article now, showed how much more every thing cost under protection. He believes that consumer and buyer are practically one; what is an advantage to one is an advantage to the other.

Sir Edward Byerly and the great Syrian traveller are both members of the oldest of English clubs, the Dilettante, which was founded in 1738. According to the rules of the Club only one limner, one sculptor, and one architect could be admitted. They had already one limner, but being anxious to have Sir Frederick Leighton join them, they got over the difficulty, as he had done some modelling, by receiving him as the sculptor, and entered in the by-laws that "Sir Frederick Leighton, sculptor, might be allowed to amuse himself with painting pictures."

We have been diverted recently with some peculiarly Neptunian ceremonies. When a fort-

night out we were informed that at 8 P.M., November 17th, the funeral obsequies of the "Dead Horse" would be duly solemnized. There was a grand rush for the deck when the first strains of "Marching through Georgia" were heard in the distance. The fantastic procession soon appeared, slowly wending its way from the forecastle. First were two policemen daintily attired in white shirts, *à la smock*, and top hats. Then came the band playing stirring martial music upon fife, drum, harmonicum, and triangle, the bones bringing up the rear. The vocal choir followed, tastefully dressed in miscellaneous garbs of different colors, and carrying lighted lanterns in their hands. Some had blackened the whole of their faces, some only part, giving them a patchy and rather fierce appearance. Lastly came a groom in gorgeous red coat, leading a gayly caparisoned steed, extemporized for the occasion. Its body was a wooden frame, its hide was painted canvas, and the head of this hippo-centaur was a cloth bag, painted in rude but sufficient resemblance to the original beast. It was ridden by Rowley, a noted jockey, attended by four grooms in livery.

The track was in excellent condition, and the candidate for funeral honors galloped around it several times to the intense satisfaction of the on-lookers. All admired the

skilful way in which the grooms of the rear accelerated the progress of the blooded animal.

Finally a halt was called and a ring formed. Mr. Kitner, the auctioneer, stepped forward in a frock coat and top hat, with mallet in hand, and mounted the hen-coop. He began his harangue with this remark :

“Although I have hitherto played a silent part in these solemn proceedings, it is now my privilege and duty to offer to this intelligent assembly that noble horse who stands there so patiently, while quivering with internal excitement to know beyond a peradventure into what hands he is destined to fall. Of his speed you have been able to judge yourselves ; of hidden qualities you cannot judge. I assure you that no praise could exaggerate his admirable attributes. He possesses, in the highest degree, those which are most essential to the comfort and safety of his purchaser.”

Here the audience began to indulge in some chaff, and the auctioneer was obliged to exert himself to the utmost, as he shouted :

“I beg to call attention to the youth and beauty of my protégé, his fair skin ”—“ White-wash rubs off,” says some one,—“ his graceful tail ”—“ Tow is cheap ! ” cries out a puny voice. “ What is the matter with his wobbly head ? ” demands another.

"Now, gentlemen, I beg that there may be an end to these unkind criticisms. This is a most exceptional opportunity, and I ask you to bid in the spirit of fairness with which I know your hearts are filled. Once more. Going! going! gone! What do you bid?"

"Two pence," said one.

After more emotional appeals, which did not seem to touch any vibrating chord in the purse-strings of the hearers, the auction continued. Notwithstanding the auctioneer's eulogies, the bids were ridiculously small. The milk-white steed was finally knocked down to the highest bidder, who was evidently not anxious to possess the ungainly specimen, and the nimble-tongued auctioneer lamented that he was worse than given away—actually thrown away.

Rowley, the jockey, mounted the horse once more, the choir singing a funeral dirge. A rope was fastened around man and beast, and they were lowered over the side of the ship, and then hauled up to the yard-arm, the steed frisking gayly amid the blue lights which the rider set off as they were jerkily hoisted. It looked most perilous to see them suspended in mid-air fifty-six feet above the deck, like Mahomet's coffin. When they touched the yard-arm the jockey cut the horse loose and he fell with a melancholy sound into his bubbling,

gurgling, uneasy grave, the sailors all singing "The poor old man's horse is dead." Chorus: "We say so, we say so, shanta, shanta, shanta," etc. "Auld Lang Syne," and "God save the Queen," from the passengers, ended the diverting performance.

What is its significance? It is explained by the fact that the sailors when engaged receive two weeks' pay in advance to procure their outfits, and until this time expires, and their regular payments begin, they call it "working the dead horse," for they are, as it were, working for nothing.

CHAPTER III.

"No perfect whole can our nature make ;
Here or there the circle will break ;
The orb of life as it takes the light
On one side, leaves the other in night."

—*The Preacher.*

WE have now been twenty-one days out and are in the tropics. The temperature is really delightful. The captain keeps us on the ragged edge of expectation by remarking occasionally that "he will probably be obliged to put into one of the Cape de Verd islands for water."

We hope he will. A run on shore would be most pleasant. The ship, however, is not insured for those ports, and if any thing were to happen in going in or coming out the captain would lose all his insurance ; so that we fear we are not likely to see the islands.

Although the *Florence* is the greyhound of the clipper-ships, and her model is as nearly perfect as possible, we have thus far had an unusually slow trip. Yet it is astonishing how easily we have beaten every thing we have yet seen. If a ship under full sail and having the same wind as ourselves appears on our bow, we

overtake her as if by magic, and presently we leave her astern.

It was a beautiful sight this morning to behold the *Hesperus* far ahead of us. Soon we were abeam of her and near enough to talk across the water, while the white sunlight shone full upon her. Now we have distanced her, although she is still in sight.

We are in the latitude of no twilight, where the great, round, flaming sun simply drops precipitately into the ocean. No dying sunset glories usher in the night. "At one stride comes the dark." There is nothing gradual in this part of the world; every thing seems to come into life full blown, and expires while still in its prime.

Going on deck rather late this evening, Miss Hardcastle called to me: "Oh! you naughty little Miss Smithson, why did you not come up earlier to enjoy the infinite splendors of this night?"

"I am obliged to confess, Miss Hardcastle," I answered, "that I fell asleep after tea in the most prosaic possible way, else I should have been here sooner."

Mr. Pelham-Gower exclaimed: "What a pity, Miss Smithson, for it certainly was enchanting to see the moon rise. At first she was an opulent Roman red, and then, as she approached the zenith, assumed an imperial

silvery-golden hue, while a broad path of light, of a hundred exquisite tints and tones, was reflected in the billowy waters."

"And," Amélie said, "only a little while ago we were riding in a burgundy sea, while the *lapis-lazuli* dome above was bordered with Pompeian figures dancing on a glorified clay bank. But stay, Miss Smithson," she continued enthusiastically, "can you not still see some of those queenly forms with graceful draperies winding in and out, and training after them as they cast dark shadows athwart the moon?"

"No," I returned stoutly, "I cannot. I can only see patches of vapor, which look to me more like woolly-haired, flat-faced negro heads than any thing else."

Amélie looked disgusted, and turning away, said insinuatingly to Mr. Pelham-Gower: "But *you* see my dancing figures, do you not?"

He answered smilingly: "Please do not ask me, Miss Hardcastle, lest, in order to please you, I might be guilty of the sin of prevarication, and state that I could distinctly see your Pompeian phantoms, becomingly attired in sheer Indian fruit of the dew mull, moving superbly and majestically to execute some new *pas seul*!"

With an indication of displeasure in her tone Amélie replied half poutingly: "Thank you kindly, Mr. Pelham-Gower, for laughing at me."

He started at this, and leaning toward her, said earnestly: "I was not laughing at you, Miss Hardcastle. I only regret my inability to see all of the beauties which your finer perceptions discern. I assure you that I enter heartily into your enthusiasm over the charms of this night, for indeed, whichever way one turns there is something attractive for the eye to rest upon."

Before Amélie had time to respond I interrupted with: "Do you see that school of grampuses frolicsomely plunging in the waves? With what graceful force they churn the water all around them as they wrestle with the cheery element."

We all enjoy watching the merry scuffle until we are attracted by a gallant, majestic ship which appears on the port bow, apparently impelled by some mystic power, for her masts are almost devoid of sail, and yet she glides steadily onward in the misty light. So weird and strange is her appearance that it gives one almost an uncanny feeling, with her prow and midships gleaming white, as if arrayed for a bridal, while her stern is enveloped and lost to view in the mantle of night. Mr. Pelham-Gower finds it enchanting, and says that the changing beauty of the scene suggests to him that

"A world of poetry in light and shade
Remains unsung in the ocean's wave.

In front of Rembrandt shadows of solemn gloom
 Are shimmering marvels from nature's loom ;
 Symphonies in gold and blue,
 Flanked by greens of deepest hue,
 Silver tones 'neath white sea-foam
 Gallop after us as we roam,
 While the merry waters bear us away
 In the mellow light of declining day."

Miss Hardcastle banteringly exclaimed :
 "Well, Mr. Pelham-Gower, I certainly am
 amazed to find a poetic vein hidden beneath
 your impenetrable exterior."

He answered in a low voice: "I have always
 felt that the muse of harmony was conspicuous
 by her absence at my birth. If there is any
 music within, yours alone, Miss Hardcastle, are
 the master hands to draw forth the latent
 sounds."

Miss Hardcastle seemed perfectly at ease, but
 her mobile features reflected a shade of annoy-
 ance, as, with a little French shrug of the
 shoulders, she said :

"Impossible. I—I am too utterly prosaic.
 It is only while listening to kindred strains that
 the æolian harp of one's mind responds with
 the sympathy of harmonious vibration to the
 emotional waves that sweep across it.

" ' Sparks electric only strike
 On souls electrical alike.
 The flash of intellect expires
 Unless it meets congenial fires.'

I could never draw forth any thing but discord."

"If you are prosaic, Miss Hardcastle, permit me to ask from what point of view one might discern it? You constantly flash forth novelties of thought, clothed in a rich picturesqueness of language, which only your versatile mind could suggest. You amaze me with the free, easy grace with which, from the slenderest thread, you weave a fine and silky web, spun out to a fascinating length, of captivating tissues glistening with the brightest prismatic hues that were ever created in fancy's brain, or glowed on an artist's palette."

The earnestness with which Mr. Pelham-Gower said this made me feel *de trop*. But Miss Hardcastle calmly replied :

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but I confess to being in my inmost heart thoroughly commonplace, and I think I am more in love with active sports and out-of-door amusements than I ever could be with the most strikingly romantic scene.

"Some years ago a young and sentimental cousin inveigled me into a wretched attempt at novel writing. My cousin began the story with a delicate damsel who wears her heart on her sleeve, and a noble Ritter who meets her in a ruined castle on the banks of the Rhine. I followed, and enthusiastically described the delight of row-

ing on said Rhine ; converted the hero into an acrobat, and in a high-sounding and beautifully rounded period made the heroine declare that no man who could not hang by his heels from a flying trapeze should have the slightest claim to her consideration. It is needless to say that such incongruity of sentiment brought the novel to an untimely end."

Mr. Pelham-Gower seemed lost in reverie for an instant, as if saying to himself :

"Your healthful serenity of mind is as yet evidently undisturbed, but I believe there is *au fond* a depth and wealth of affection of which you are as yet unconscious. Oh ! happy the man who may some day possess it !"

At this point I stole quietly away and left them in the gloaming.

They have requested me to call them Amélie and Sutherland, which I shall do from this time forth. It seems a little odd to call them by their given names upon so short an acquaintance ; but on shipboard there are no steps and approaches to friendship ; the gradations of the shore are done away with. You see people and you like them ; that is enough ; at once you are warm friends. If antagonistic, you remain as far apart as the poles to the end of the voyage.

The invariable chivalrous deference of Sutherland's manner towards an old maid like myself,

from whom he has nothing to gain, has won him a very warm place in my heart. His deportment under all circumstances is my ideal of what a young man's should be. Old maids appreciate little attentions, even though they are at times absent-minded, and neglect to receive them with any warm expressions of gratitude.

Sutherland calls me Miss Smithson still. I suppose it is because I am so serious. I never cared especially for the name of Smithson until the great Syrian traveller told me that the royal name or title of the King of Syria was Hadad, or Ben Hadad, that is Smith, or son of a Smith, and when on one occasion a usurper from an altogether different family came in he assumed the honored name of Smithson. Damascus was celebrated for the skill of her workers in iron and other metals, and the man who could forge the best metals, and wield them, too, as in the case of the Highland clans, was chief of all the others. This makes me feel rather proud of my name, which has hitherto seemed plebeian to me, as if our people had always been children of Gibeon.

CHAPTER IV.

“ So might I . . .
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.”

WORDSWORTH.

“ NO, no. None of that nonsense this year. It is the greatest piece of tomfoolery imaginable, and always ends badly,” was the answer the sailors got from the captain when asking permission to introduce Neptune and his satellites on the day of crossing the line. It seems that one year, after the usual mummeries, a squall came up suddenly, and the sailors had all been drinking so much that not one was fit to go aloft. On this occasion, however, the ladies were unwilling to miss the time-honored ceremonies, and got up a petition that they might be allowed, to which the captain gave a reluctant consent.

This is a lovely morning, and we only hope to-morrow will be as fine. The cloud-land views are more than enchanting; they are comforting. The mountains skirting the horizon seem so genuine and home-like that they are really companionable, and we feel almost there as we skim along toward them on top of the foaming waves, while those that race after

us have lovely iridescent colors dancing on the crests of their deep banks of fiery, greenish, ultramarine blue.

All the ladies are on deck. Giovannelli Brownell is sitting quite near me, but perfectly absorbed in reading. After watching for some time the varied expressions flitting across her face, I called to her to know the title of her book.

"Since you have asked me, Miss Smithson, I suppose I must tell you. It is 'Under Two Flags,' " replied Giovannelli, with a little air of defiance.

"Well, I dare say it is very fascinating," I answered, "for you have really been oblivious of every thing else in your sympathy for the different characters. Perhaps it would be pleasant to read it aloud," I suggested.

Giovannelli said: "I certainly have been immensely stirred up by the book, but I do not know about the desirability of reading it aloud. So many things pass muster in skimming a book alone that one would hardly care to submit to a critical audience."

Then, turning to Miss Hardcastle, she asked her if she had read "Under Two Flags," but the answer was an indifferent "Yes," which would have chilled a less ardent person than Giovannelli, who, nothing daunted, exclaimed with enthusiasm:

"Oh! do you not *love* that superb Bertie Cecil? wild and wayward as he was at first, how grandly his strength shone out in the midst of adversity; and then what magnificent possibilities the dashing vivandière, *Cigarette*, possessed!"

The flash and *élan* with which Giovannelli dashed at Miss Hardcastle did not convince her, for she said coolly:

"But what profiteth it a woman to be endowed with 'magnificent possibilities' if they remain dormant? I, for my part, prefer the serene calmness of Hawthorne's *Hilda* to the tumultuous passion of *Cigarette*." (We had just finished reading "The Marble Faun.")

"I," retorted Giovannelli, "hate those frigid or lukewarm, tepid creatures who have no deep abysses or chasms of impulse yawning at their feet. I feel, while reading 'Under Two Flags,' that the characters, although not always of the highest type, are *real* persons who have lived and loved, sighed and sorrowed, as sentient beings. I know that vigorous blood once bounded through their frames, so different from mere creations of the imagination, like the impeccable *Hilda*."

Giovannelli's face was simply ablaze as she finished. Seeing that she felt acutely on the subject, Amélie Hardcastle said soothingly:

"Well, I dare say that the vivid coloring of

‘Under Two Flags’ seems more real while floating in heated languor on this gorgeously-hued sea, under a resplendent tropical sky, than it would if read amid the unromantic surroundings of a cool English boudoir.”

Giovannelli was not satisfied with this concession, but bit her lips in displeasure and retired from our midst, as a sailor drew near to announce the opening of the hatches so that those of us who desired trunks brought up from subaqueous depths might avail themselves of this opportunity.

We descended at once to the main deck, but returned soon after laden with photographs which we proceeded to display to one another. As Amélie’s family pictures moved in stately procession before us, I chanced upon one of herself. It was a full three-quarter view of her handsome face. Her large eyes seemed lost in thoughtful silence, although around her mouth lurked the faintest suggestion of a smile.

I handed it quietly to Sutherland, who gazed at it long and earnestly, and then with a deep-drawn breath, looked up slowly, and said :

“I certainly feel, Miss Hardcastle, as if I knew you better than the length of our acquaintance would warrant.”

Amélie glanced roguishly toward him and answered :

“Well, that is strange, Mr. Pelham-Gower,

considering that I feel as if I only had had the most superficial glimpses of your character."

Sutherland looked disappointed, and said: "What can I do or say, Miss Hardcastle, in order that you may know me better?"

With a half-inviting, half-haughty air, Amélie lightly answered:

"Oh, martyrize yourself one of these pleasant mornings by retiring to your cabin and writing out for me a truthful account of your proceedings for two weeks prior to your departure from England."

Sutherland then asked insinuatingly: "Do you not think, Miss Hardcastle, that if you learn from my diary that I have been very good you will feel well enough acquainted with me to bestow upon me your picture?"

"Yes," said Amélie, "in return for your autobiography of a fortnight I really will give you my picture."

Sutherland's face fairly beamed with pleasure at this sign of interest, and with courtly grace he thanked her in advance for her kindness.

On Tuesday night, December 9th, at eight o'clock, the great Poseidon came on board amid a blaze of blue light, attended by his secretary. Very well the old monarch looked in the moonlight, that kind light softening the deficiencies of his toilet. After requesting the captain to

favor him with a complete list of his passengers, and informing him of his intention to board the ship on the morrow, at ten A.M., to shave all such as had not previously crossed the line, he disappeared over the taffrail into his liquid domain.

Early the next morning all of the male passengers were served with the following official document :

"Whereas, his Marine Majesty, Neptune, has expressed his intention of visiting the ship "Florence" on December 10, 1887, to initiate those of his subjects who have not had the honor of greeting him before. As one of those subjects, you are commanded to appear before him on the above-mentioned date to be duly shaved as one of his sons, with the option of a fine in case of non-appearance. By command,
"Per Nerius, pro Neptune."

At seven o'clock A.M., December 10th, we crossed the line, which was clearly visible on the field of a telescope that had been previously prepared with a hair across it. This, however, is a decided "chestnut," and but few were green enough to fall into the trap.

The sailors were busy from an early hour fastening a huge sail by its four corners to braces on the main deck, and then filling it with water, so as to be in readiness for the unfortunate victims.

The passengers crowded up on the deck at the tinkling of the bell, which heralded the approach of Neptune, his wife, and suite. The procession, headed by four sea-dogs drawing Neptune and his wife on a chariot of fire (otherwise the pump), wended its way in great state down the main deck to the break of the poop, where it halted.

The fine old king, with long flowing beard, was dressed in sackcloth well bedecked with tow to represent sea-weed. His brawny arms and legs were bare ; a large tin crown encircled his regal brow. Trident in hand, he mounted his throne, the main hatch. Amphitrite, one of the cooks, his unwieldy consort, seated herself lovingly beside him. She was attired in a black gown belonging to the fat stewardess. Her hair streamed in wavy locks below her massive waist ; a crown of tin kept her bristling bangs, or fringe as the English call it, from falling. Huge fur gloves and gorgeous parasol completed her dainty costume.

The long-haired doctor had a very professional air with his immense brass-bowed spectacles. He was provided with a medicine chest of vast dimensions, containing the best of pills and black draught, the latter being a concoction of rum, vinegar, lime juice, and treacle.

The shaver and latherer stood at the edge of the bath eager for the fray. The water police

meanwhile chased their unwilling victims, some causing great excitement by their desperate efforts to escape. The unhappy wretch when caught was dragged before the doctor, who administered a large pill and a plentiful dose of black draught; examined the patient's pulse, frequently referring to the big tin watch which hung at his side. The latherer and shaver then smeared his victim's face with a loathsome mixture of treacle and flour, playfully dabbing the brush in his mouth if he were simple enough to answer the questions put to him. A large tin comb was ruthlessly torn through his hair; a four-foot wooden razor scraped his face, and without further ceremony he was chucked head over heels into the water, where the sea-dogs pounced upon their prey, rolling him over and over, sitting on him, and energetically scrubbing him with their brawny hands. After trying the courage with about five minutes of this ungentle treatment, the subject emerged, looking in some instances several shades paler than before.

About a dozen suffered this uncouth washing. One of them, a second-class passenger, showing a noble disregard for his wardrobe, was thrown in, coat, collar, boots, and all. Each person, who underwent this ordeal was provided with the following certificate:

"This is to certify that JOHN SMITH has been shaved by KING NEPTUNE'S barber, J. W. HAWLEY, on the 10th day of December, 1887.

"[signed] NEPTUNE,

"per F. R. HILL, Clerk to His Marine Majesty."

Neptune, having received a bucket of water on his head from the facetious spectators above him, was then seized and tumbled into the now more than unsavory-looking water. Amphitrite, his wife, was pushed in after him. A general *melée* took place in the pool, and the proceedings came to an end. Mrs. Neptune's flaxen locks were found drowned in the muddy water, together with the beard and other appendages of her noble lord.

We had hardly calmed down after this exciting entertainment when a steamer hove in sight and passed within a few hundred yards of us. Telescopes and glasses were applied to the eyes, handkerchiefs were waved, and cheers exchanged, while signals fluttered in the breeze.

Some regret was expressed that a passenger, who had threatened to desert us by the first steamer that passed, changed his mind instead of his quarters when this opportunity was offered. We fear he will remain with us to the end of the voyage.

This has been an eventful day, sports following as soon as dinner was swallowed. Following is the programme :

1. Tug of war. Watch *vs.* Watch.
Starboard watch won, 2 to 1.
 2. Long jump, standing,
1. Love, 9 ft. 7 in. 2. Hargreaves, 9 ft. 5 in.
 3. Backstay race.
1. Brecken. 2. Love.
 4. High jump, Run.
Lunt and Thatcher, equal, 4 ft. 8½ in.
 5. Tug of war. [Savage *vs.* Ship]
Savages won, 2-0.
 6. Obstacle race, [3 heats.]
1st heat, Love. 2d heat, Rowley. 3d heat, Brecken.
Final heat, 1. Love. 2d. Rowley, 3. Brecken.
 7. Cock-fighting.
1. Bouton. 2. Lysander.
 8. Ring the pannikin.
1. Dadeu. 2. Perikins.
 9. Treacle-bun race.
1. Rowley. 2. O'Toole.
- All events are open alike to passengers and crew.

We have not suffered at all from the heat, as fortunately we have been favored all day with a delightful breeze which blows so strongly into my cabin as I write that I can scarcely keep my paper still.

I have been especially struck to-day by the good looks of the crew and apprentices in their gala attire, as well as by their manly bearing and gentlemanly conduct. What an irresistible attraction for boys the sea must possess in order to cause them to overlook the discomforts of the fo'castle in entering upon such a life.

On this ship an apprentice pays a premium of sixty guineas upon entering service, all of which he forfeits if he leaves before the expiration of four years. According to the contract, the first year he is to receive nothing, the second year five guineas, the third year ten guineas, and the fourth year fifteen guineas, amounting in all to one half the premium paid down. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, if he passes his examination satisfactorily, he receives a second-mate's certificate. After serving as second mate for two years he may receive a first-mate certificate, and he can only pass as master or captain when he finishes his two years' service as first mate.

The apprentices, besides attending to the regular sailor's duties, have to clean brass, pump water, sweep decks, and perform other menial services. Our four apprentices are all gentlemen's sons—nearly all younger sons. Rodwood is a son of a post-captain in the Royal Navy; Dortree is the son of a minister; Bracebridge, son of a wealthy barrister; Blossom, scion of an ancient Lancashire family, Floring, who has served his time as an apprentice in this ship, and is now second mate, comes from one of the best families in Scotland. He is a noble youth, and has received a medal for saving life, although only twenty-four.

Even among our A. B.'s there are gentle-

men. One Sprint will receive an inheritance of four thousand pounds upon his return to England. With the exception of the highly favored first-born, the young Britons seem to be thrust out like fledglings from their nests to make their way in the world as best they may, and one must admire the pluck and undaunted courage with which they endure great hardships. The hardening process is a trying ordeal, but probably it is for their good eventually.

December 18th.—Several days have elapsed since we crossed the line, and Christmas, with its good cheer, is almost here. During the entire voyage there has been more or less betting, and the recent athletic sports seem to have given it renewed life. It is surprising, though, to see men who are fond of betting upon all sorts of things, and have indulged in it all their lives, yet who never go beyond a crown piece. The British nature must be more stable and stolid than ours,—less inclined to extremes. What excitable American would stop where he began in the amount of his gambling ventures!

This morning a wealthy old North of England man bet a young man that his daughter would win a game of backgammon which she was playing. She did win, and her father received and pocketed his shilling with apparent pleasure. Yesterday he lost, and draw-

ing his hand reluctantly from his pocket, he said: "Here is your greasy half-crown." His voice is so rich, his manner so impressive, that one would enjoy hearing him talk upon higher topics. People of his nationality ought to have the most cultivated tastes in the world, for they certainly possess the highest educational advantages. Their superb domains, with old feudal castles, affording fine specimens of noble architecture, and museums containing priceless art treasures, can hardly fail to suggest beautiful ideas and inspire lofty thoughts. Pity it is though that all do not live up to their light.

My brother and I are diverted by hearing that some inventive genius has endowed us with unlimited wealth, in a style highly suggestive of "The Virginians," although there is no Gumbo in our service to originate, and no wicked old Baroness de Bernstein to encourage stories of boundless resources. All smile incredulously when we assert that our means are moderate. It may be that the old Baroness is right, and that "to be thought rich is as good as to be rich." Is it not at least true on ship-board, where with the most plethoric purse the opportunities for shopping are limited?

I have been very much struck recently by the fact that men as a rule are more interesting when conversing together than they are when talking with ladies. My dark features serve me

a good turn in this respect, for I find that men will talk crops and politics with me, if nothing better, quite as if I were a man. But let a pretty girl draw near and instantly sugar-coated nothings abound, just such vapid artificial sweets as are supposed to be suited to the feminine mind.

I believe, though, that all women, however ill-favored, are strongly tintured with sentiment. I am wondrously like the rest of my kind in that respect, but as I am far away beyond the age when I may hope to have a romance of my own, I must e'en content myself by watching the opening of "love's young dream" in fairer forms than mine, albeit I need not perforce banish the recollection of that precious stroll with Nicholas Black through the Woods of Arden on a delicious midsummer's day. The birds have never since sung so sweetly, nor the sky been so blue and sublime. Heigh-ho, I have the acorns still that we gathered together in the soft rosy light, and my foolish heart sometimes fancies that the silver flashings of their tinsel bag are dew-drops sparkling on their fresh young cups.

As I lose myself in the pretty double threads of living tapestry now weaving before my eyes, each day the evident suitability of Sutherland and Amélie for one another becomes more distinctly marked.

I was sitting in my state-room this evening thinking of them, and watching through a port-hole the caravans of waves rush swirling by, while the curbless storm fiercely dashed on the deck, when there came a tap at my door, and Amélie swept in, her feet falling as lightly as the padded paws of a leopard. She sprang gracefully to my side, and, with a merry gesture, handed me a note from Sutherland.

"Since writing that missive, dear Miss Smithson," she said, "the young man has disdained to breathe the same atmosphere with me, and has not even ventured within hailing distance."

Amélie rattled on with a mock-injured air, but I could see she did not altogether enjoy the situation, so I hastened to read the note, which ran as follows :

"DEAR MISS HARDCASTLE :

"I have received your memorandum, and permit me to say that your conduct is most politely atrocious. After keeping my promise faithfully, and ransacking my brain to furnish you with a truthful autobiography, is it, Miss Hardcastle, treating a friend fairly to put him off with a quotation from 'Twelfth Night'? I can see your eyes dancing in gleeful mirth as you dashed it off and wondered how I would like it, but then 'two lips indifferent red, one neck, one chin,' and so forth, is *not* your picture. It would be a strange face minus hair and nose, etc. Nay, nay, lady fair, I pray

thee send me aught more satisfactory than that poor stunted page, or I shall feel that I went out of my way in writing you as I did, and that you mean so to hint to me.

“Very sincerely,

“S. PELHAM-GOWER.”

After reading it, I said, coaxingly: “No wonder, Amélie, that Sutherland has avoided you to-day. That scrap from ‘Twelfth Night,’ while quite good in its way, is enough under the circumstances to chill any man and fill him with distrust. I dare say that Sutherland was enwrapped in an atmosphere of pleasurable anticipation while fulfilling his part of the contract, for remember that you foisted the task upon him by promising him your picture, and now you stultify yourself by giving him a witty stab. Promise me, Amélie dear, to keep your word,” to which she gayly yielded a tacit consent; and with a glance full of significance said, as she turned from me, with a flash of something like mischief on her face:

“I must immediately away to do penance, else I may not obtain absolution for my sins.”

CHAPTER V.

"At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ON Wednesday, after tea, Christmas festivities began. The captain, at the head of the table, presided over two soup-tureens of rum punch, quoting weak poetry of his own composition, more or less to the point, with a pleasant smile on his honest face. All glasses were charged, and the toast of "Absent Friends" given. Here many a tear might have arisen, but, instead of giving way to sentiment, we swallowed our punch, and gave way to the enjoyment of the hour.

The captain started a topical song to the tune of "Said Moses to Aaron," bringing in the noted passengers, which was much applauded. Other songs and choruses followed, and we had a very jolly evening, winding up with joining hands all around and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Before breakfast, Christmas morning, the letter-boxes were put before the captain, who distributed their cards and small presents in the saloon, which was very prettily decorated with trailing vines, artificial flowers, etc. The captain and Mrs. Arden sent each lady a pleas-

ing card, a flower, and a piece of silver holly; to the gentlemen, flowers and mistletoe, with pretty cards. Several etchings, caricatures, and otherwise were sent anonymously, some very good. Miss Hardcastle received a sketch of an old castle gate; Miss Leigh a heart pierced by a horn, bearing upon the fact of the attentions of two gentlemen of those names; the naturalist, a centipede and a bee; the general, an etching of the missing link carrying a pail.

A short service (a regular jumble) followed at 10.30. Having christianized the day, we betook ourselves to more carnal things. A scrappy meal was served at one, and, in the afternoon, teas went on galore.

The sailors invited all the ladies to see the fo'castle decorated with flags and turnips cut into form of camellias. We went, but the ordeal was a trying one. Almost all the sailors, being half-tipsy, waxed sentimental, and insisted on changing flowers with the ladies. Their plum-pudding was brought out, a damp ghastly mess, but we were obliged to taste a piece of it.

Dinner came on at six, all doing their best to dress gayly. The table was brightened by bunches of artificial flowers in glasses, placed in a straight line all the way down. The *menu* varied little from other days, with the excep-

tion of an extra good dessert and wines *ad lib.* There were crackers and mottoes in endless variety, and the opportunities they offered were not thrown away. Toward the end of dessert most of the gentlemen walked around and toasted the ladies. A few songs, topical and otherwise, followed. About ten we burned our fingers over snap-dragon. More songs, "Auld Lang Syne," with hand-shaking. Mistletoe was hung up on Christmas Eve. The result can be left to the imagination.

New Year's evening opened with a concert, which was a brilliant success. The captain recited "Marmion" (handkerchief in hand to staunch the wounded side.) In the interval he told several yarns more or less founded on fact.

At a quarter to twelve everybody bustled into the saloon to see the Old Year, represented by the captain, a very decrepit old man, who moaned out the following words :

"The way is long, the wind is cold,
 The Old Year's grown infirm and old,
 And never more shall light of day
 Shine on those tresses long and gray.
 My blessings then to young and old,
 Before I am left out in the cold,
 Farewell ! farewell ! forevermore !"

Making his exit, he soon reappeared very much the captain again, and called us all on deck. Proceeding to the cannon, he said : " The old year 's gone, and the new year 's come. I wish you joy and fire this " :

Bang ! went the gun ; all the private firearms were discharged in rapid succession ; the band played, the bell was excitedly rung, and every one frantically shook hands with everybody. We then went below to welcome the New Year.

All were willing to admit that Amélie Hardcastle was enchantingly captivating when she came in at midnight as the New Year. She was as beautiful as a dream, and seemed to glide into the saloon like a fairy queen, attired in a long flowing robe. Her sister had almost smothered her with pearls. On her head was a pearl-strung Greek cap, with a long tulle veil depending from the back. Three rows of large Oriental pearls encircled her fair neck, a stomacher of pearls, her waist, and from it a broad band fastened a jewelled dagger to her side. The only bits of color were her wonderful golden hair, amethystine eyes, and the delicate pink of her cheeks, which were like the interior of a conch shell.

There is a depth of expression in her face which uneducated beauties always lack. Her suave manners were a happy blending of grace

and dignity. She greeted each one with a bright and pertinent remark, either affable, earnest, or gay. The excitement of the event intensified her faculty of saying unexpected things in a very winning way. Not once did she give evidence of mediocrity by making the obvious remark, such as would naturally occur to any commonplace mind. She seemed framed to mirth and merriment, and felt as if taking part in a transformation scene, in which even majestic old Poseidon unbent from his dignity, becoming giddy and frivolous like ourselves.

Amélie Hardcastle had several attendants, adorned with gay badges and ribbon-wound wands, who accompanied her in her triumphal progress around the deck. Sutherland yielded to the witching influences of the evening, and was conscious of an exultation of feeling and inspiration, which seemed to bear him away into an ideal world. The fire of love burns more strongly than ever upon the altar of his heart. It fairly shines out luminous from the lustrous depths of his dark eyes. The cup of hope is pressed to his lips, and he drinks enthralling draughts of the elixir. It seemed as if he longed to say to every one: "I have within me the light-hearted joy of one who feels the full assurance of reciprocal love. While it has not been uttered in words, yet after all are not the impressions and inferences drawn from side-

lights the most reliable? The variations and beautiful shades of meaning are best expressed by a glance, a smile, or a tender look."

He exerted himself to the utmost to interest Amélie, and it seemed as though the Oriental imagery of the Persians and the majestic forms of the Saxon tongue were equally at his command, but indeed the mystic beauty of the scene would inspire one with thoughts romantic, poetical, and sentimental which had long been foreign to the mind.

The gayeties closed with a dance on deck. Amélie's waltzing was simply the poetry of motion; not the hurried, ungraceful step of the present day, but a gentle glide like that of a sylph.

Miss Lawrence said: "Amélie Hardcastle professes to be bewildered; but I wish I could see her once fairly dazed by the admiration that is squandered upon her. On the contrary, her marvellous self-poise and the ease with which she gives a fanciful turn to conversation when it inclines to a sentimental plane fascinate all beholders. She is a Circe with a keen sense of the ridiculous. What audacious remarks she utters when that flippant, foppish Bayswater young man assures her that 'life would be perfect bliss if he were only allowed to sit at her feet in silent adoration!'"

"For that little idiot I have no sympathy.

What a comical face he has," I remarked, "with his turned-up nose and large mouth, ash-colored hair, and no eyebrows to speak of, nor eyelashes either. It is said that he was the hero of many dashing escapades during the Zulu war, but I cannot believe it."

"I am sorry, though," Miss Lawrence continued, "for Mr. Pelham-Gower. He is no trifler with ladies' hearts, but is evidently madly in love, believing sincerely that any man might be happy in shielding Amélie from the vicissitudes of life, and is only contented when listening to the dulcet tones of her sweet voice as they fall so gently upon the ear.

"You know, Miss Smithson, that I am always interested in our vivarium with its sea-animal flowers and puny creatures of the deep. This morning I watched the queen of the actinia, the nautilus, as she spread her sails so proudly and shone resplendent in her choicest colors. The bright little pilot-fish was darting here and there, although there were no lazy shark to whom it could indicate its prey. The long blue tentacles of the lovely nautilus floated innocently upon the water's surface. Slowly they spread out; one gently surrounded the pilot-fish in a loving embrace; closer and closer did they curl up. The poor little pilot-fish struggled in its beautiful prison, but all was of no avail. I watched, but could not rescue it. All too soon came the last gasp.

"Do you see the analogy?"

"No," I answered, "candidly, I do not see it."

"Well, Mr. Pelham-Gower is the pilot-fish. Absorbed in golden-hued speculative fancies, which are strung with pearls of happiness, he sees every thing rose-tinted through *Claude-Lorraine* glasses, indulging in love's young dream of bliss unalloyed, for he feels that life would be nothing worth without Amélie. Then a strange mistrust creeps over him. Fancy's castle, reared upon a structure of false hope, crumbles into the dust, but even when the rainbow tints fade away, leaving all dark and sterile before him, one can see that he is still within the snare. The silken cords draw him onward day by day, probably to end by crushing his heart into atoms.

" 'Swept of her wings as she soars,
Trodden, perchance, of her feet.' "

CHAPTER VI.

"Our bark is dancing on the waves, its tall masts quivering bend
Before the gale, which hails us now with the hollo of a friend ;
And its prow is sheering merrily the upcurl'd billow's foam,
While our hearts, with throbbing gladness, cheer old Ocean
as our home !"

WM. MOTHERWELL.

January 3d.—We are now down south in the roaring forties—latitude $42^{\circ} 07'$, longitude $22^{\circ} 24'$ E. It is bitterly cold and the sea is running mountains high. As we stand on the fo'castle and see the waves rolling toward us, apparently forty or fifty feet higher than the ship, it seems as though they would inevitably overwhelm us. We ride them over, however, like a bird, nearly every time.

Three times to-day, though, as I stood on the bowsprit, filled with wonder and awe at the terrible grandeur of the scene, our ship struck those forbidding walls of inky hue, and they closed down upon us with irresistible force, sweeping the deck from stem to stern. I shivered in my wet clothes and regretted my temerity, because one of the discomforts of ship life is the lack of adequate arrangements for drying clothes. It does not seem as though this very cold weather could benefit any one ; certainly our invalids are worse than they were farther north.

Patient, gentle Mr. Larchard died yesterday morning. He came on board an entire stranger,

but had won the esteem of all by his cheerful endurance. He was buried at 9 A.M. It was a sad sight. The body was sewn up in canvas and placed upon a board, which had been well greased; then, covered with an ensign, it was carried by sailors on to the poop deck. A clergyman read the Church of England burial service, after which heavy weights were attached to the feet and the body was dropped into the sea. It was thrilling and impressive, but not picturesque.

The entire absence of the sentimentality of humanitarianism among the Britons is a little remarkable. Although they had, one and all, done every thing in their power to cheer Mr. Larchard while alive, so little depressed were they by his death, that the very ones who had seen most of him, and showered the greatest kindnesses upon him, proposed a dance upon deck in the evening. This ready veering was almost suggestive of the dance of death.

As the wind changed suddenly from south-east to dead ahead the churning of the tossing waves interfered with the dance and it was given up.

January 14th.—I have been too uncomfortable from the intense cold for the past ten days to write even a screed about the events of the day.

We passed the longitude of the Cape some

days ago, then ran down the easting between 42° and 43° . We might almost as well have been in the region of perpetual ice. Happily now we are up to 35° , far enough north to again luxuriate in balmy, genial weather.

There has been quite a lull in the amusement line since the New Year's festivities. Indeed, we probably should have had but little at any time were it not that Sutherland, as a committee of one, has been most successful from the start in drawing out the various talents of the passengers—talents which probably would otherwise have lain dormant. It always requires some one to lead in such matters, and no one could do it so well or so willingly as he. We may all thank him for many pleasant charades, musicales, and recitations.

At the present time he is entirely absorbed in Amélie Hardcastle, and I believe he has made up his mind to put his fate to the test very soon, determined not to lose the good he might win by "fearing to attempt."

She is lovely this morning. A slant of light gilds her creamy dress till it shines like Phidias' robe of flexible gold with which he adorned his unrivalled Pallas Athene. Does the *vraisemblance* extend to the wearer as well? Does the fountain of love begin and end within, like the well-spring of water which preserved the faultless outlines of the symmetrical Minerva?

Sutherland and she have innumerable games of quoits in the morning; they read together in the afternoon, and play chess in the evening, which is rather a bar to my seeing very much of them, as well as to general sociability. The other young aspirants seem to have been distanced in the race and quietly allow Sutherland to monopolize her. Indeed, when one thinks of his attractive qualities, fine stature, and noble mien, the almost childlike humility of the man seems wonderful.

Several fine albatrosses have been caught of late. My brother presented me with one which measured nine feet from wing-tip to wing-tip, and it is not one of the largest. They measure twelve feet, not infrequently, in wing-spread. Mine is white. I always fancied that they were shot, and was disenchanted when I saw the huge birds hauled up on deck with a hook in the bill. Then, they spin around so helplessly and are so desperately sea-sick, that it is distressing to see them.

The brown albatrosses are more rare and difficult to catch. What stupid things they are to lose their lives for a bit of red flannel! But there is nothing more taking than color. Even in pictures high colors seem to be the style of the day. Old connoisseurs say that bright colors in pictures were valueless until softened down and subdued by the mellowing effects of

age, but now they are more sought after than exquisite low-toned gems.

I love the ocean because there is nothing incisive or garish in her pulchritude. Is she not nature's truest epic? How she thunders and roars in picturesque wrath, and majestically tosses about the pigmies who float upon her surface in the cockle shells of fortune, the white sea waves galloping after them as if with an especial message from Poseidon. How instantaneous then is the change into a laughing sonnet when the mighty waters tumble and roll in the exuberance of sportive glee, as if for the amusement of the whales and fishes, while the rainbow arc supports the sky and the air is so delicious that one longs for the batrachian gift of breathing it through the skin as well as through the lungs.

What queer fish there are in the sea! We caught a leather-jacket—two, in fact, weighing four pounds each; hideous creatures, with elongated horse-heads. One was a vivid yellow, with red eyes and fins; the other gray, with green eyes. They had double rows of teeth in both jaws, and snapped viciously at every thing that approached them. Their bodies were only one third as long as their heads.

It is fascinating to watch the schools of dolphin playing around the ship. They have heads like the shad, silvery skins beautifully

mottled with red and blue dots; bright blue fins and tail. They have furnished us with several delicious breakfasts, but one does not care about eating them after seeing them caught, for they are beautiful as they change from a brilliant yellow to an amber hue, with azure spots and a silver-gray stripe down the back; then at last, in its dying throes, the whole body turns a deep indigo blue, the color of the water in which it was caught.

We all enjoy to the utmost these perfect nights. The water is tremulous with life and feelings so transitory that one cannot record them. The wonderful sky, with its marvellous store of jewelled mosaics, draped with soft yellow clouds, never quite white, is now illumined by the glorious moon, which is nearing the full. Congenial spirits meet in their favorite corners and discuss a wide variety of topics, ranging from metaphysics to blood-curdling ghost stories.

CHAPTER VII.

“One by one, to their undoing,
Fools in plenty come a-wooing,
Baffled still, but still pursuing,
Tangled in the snare,
In your ever-changing smile hid,
Or beneath your sleepy eyelid ;
Many a heart it hath beguiled,
Lady Fair !”

MY fondness for reposing in the ship's life-boat has earned for me the sobriquet of Mrs. Noah. Reclining this evening with my head on a cushion in my favorite starboard boat, which hangs so securely in its davits, I dreamily rejoice in the splendor of the night, and watch the dusky water as it dimples o'er with pleasure and bravely wooes the golden moon into its limpid abysses. All at once I hear Amélie's familiar voice, and raising my head sufficiently to observe the position of affairs, I find that she is seated almost immediately beneath me in a comfortable deck chair. There is a shadow of restraint in her manner, a discursive leaping from one thing to another, as though she were restlessly striving to prevent

a pause in conversation, in order to ward off an unwelcome though not unforeseen topic.

Sutherland is by her side with a rapt expression upon his face as of one in adoration at his favorite shrine. A great wave rolls in toward us with deep purple hues and points of flame. Amélie dashes at the opportunity it affords her, and I hear her say :

“ These boundless billows seem to me like the chariot wheels of eternity. Do they not give one a sense of the transitoriness of our petty aspirations? ‘ Men may come and men may go,’ but they roll on forever, and always seek new paths through the endless maze of waters.”

Sutherland replied: “ The throbbings and hopes of the human heart, Amélie, appear by no means insignificant to me.”

Then, agitated by the thrills of joy which pervaded his being, his feelings asserted themselves and would no longer be repressed. He poured them forth in burning words, which were but the surgings of his hot blood as it coursed so rapidly through his veins. At last, overcome with emotion, he said :

“ Would that you could feel the intensity of my love pulsating through every feeble word. There is a volcano within me seething, throbbing, and struggling to find vent till it almost chokes my utterance in the impetuosity of longing desire to call you mine. You cannot know

how I yearn to place my arms around you and draw you toward me in a protecting embrace. Oh, give me but the right to do so, Amélie, and I will pass my life in one constant endeavor to make you happy."

Yes, my dear Amélie, I thought, your pathway would be a shimmer of beatitudes if Sutherland could make it so, for you have long been the central figure in the glowing future which looms up bright and beautiful before him only in the sunshine of your smiles. The pale moonlight shone with a glimmering silvery light upon Amélie's face, which flushed and then grew suddenly colorless. Sutherland seemed to be chilled by her growing coldness, and to feel that she was creating invisible barriers between them.

Is there not a subtle mind-reading power caused by the very intensity of the heart's affection, a reciprocity of thought without words? Sutherland's rapturous pulsations seemed stifled, but he rallied quickly, and said:

"Oh! let the stream of love rush from my heart to yours. If you will but open the portals of your soul and let it flow in it will, with its warmth and fervor, light the electric spark of love within and melt the crystal walls between us."

Then, in a half-masterful, yet wonderfully

tender tone, he said: "Amélie, will you give yourself to me?"

With downcast eyes, which refused to meet his, and tightly clasped hands, Amélie begged him in a low murmuring voice to refrain—to be satisfied with friendship. Then, with a bewitching glance, she said:

"Oh! Sutherland, why can we not be *bons camarades* in the future as hitherto? I certainly prize your friendship most highly, and hope never to lose it, but I do not even wish to think of love for some time to come."

Sutherland answered, half sternly: "I have tried to be content with friendship; I have struggled to stem the current of my love, but it only carries me irresistibly forward. Your loveliness and rare charms have woven a spell around me which death alone can break. I believe, too, that my good genius has guided me to your side, and if I may but touch the keynote of sympathy within you your indifference will vanish."

Oh, dear! what shall I do? If I could only escape unobserved from this boat. It is frightfully awkward to be an unwilling listener to a love scene. I will close my ears. I put my fingers in them and hold them there resolutely for fully thirty seconds, and make up my mind that love can come neither from the wooing nor the willing. Yet Sutherland can hardly be

blamed for interpreting favorably what he has seen in the limpid depths of Amélie's gazelle-like eyes. Are the smiles which she has so lavishly bestowed upon him like the laughing waters of the glacier-fed streams which lure the traveller to drink, but carry death in their depths? Amélie seemed filled with suppressed emotion; it is left to the psychological powers of the reader to divine the *dénouement*—did she yield to Sutherland's vehement pleadings, or did she prove adamant and remain untouched by his zealous devotion? There is always more or less anxiety connected with the formation of new ties, but in this instance—well, that is all for the present—but really, when my ears are released from their torture I hear but a confused murmur of softly swathed sounds on the hushed and fragrant air, but before the deck is clear so that I may descend unseen, I have an excellent opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the southern constellations.

January 26th.—We awake in the morning to find flocks of mutton birds following us, and to our great delight land is once more in sight. A strong southwest wind is blowing, which carries us along as we enter Backstair's Passage at the rate of seventeen knots an hour. We fairly spin along, like a bird on the wing, save that we have both guide and compass. I never felt quite so like flying. It is indeed the motion

most akin to it. We all have given way to its exhilarating effects, and are singing at the top of our voices, regardless of such trifles as quavers and semi-quavers. Those who pay any attention to them are left behind. We feel very pleased to finish up with a record that compares favorably with steamer time. We expect to anchor at Semaphore some time to-night, and reach Adelaide in the morning.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ . . . Every sight
And sound from the vast earth and ambient air
Sent to his heart its choicest impulses.”

SHELLEY.

THE first blushes in the distant horizon were quickly dispersed as the sun arose suddenly from his watery bed, illuminating with Indian flame the rippling waves near the shore, and farther out ever changing beautiful prismatic rays appeared and disappeared in the placid ocean. A soft breeze filled our sails and wafted us gently toward the cove-indented land. It is now so near that one could almost leap upon it. We are followed by a flock of birds and several large sharks. The birds vie with each other in their songs of rejoicing in the freshness of the dew-sprinkled morn, and the perfection of the scene richly rewards us for rising before dawn on the morning of our arrival at Port Adelaide.

We soon rejoice in being able to again plant our feet upon *terra firma*, and for the first time in our lives to step upon Australian soil. The busy hum of the bees, and even the swash of foam-flecked waves against the beach, have a grateful sound, as though all nature were sing-

ing a morning hymn of praise for the glories of this wonderful creation.

Oh! the rare joy of being ashore again! One feels like a wild animal freed from confinement. The exquisite relish for the sights and sounds of land is something which will linger in one's memory as being so full of pleasure as to be almost worth a long sea trip to experience. The atmosphere is resonant with myriads of quivering vibrations fused into one low, soft, pleasurable monotone. The tremulous air bathes our faces in a delicious essence of summer sweets gathered from the high tree-tops and from modest flowers, while the welcome whirr of the insects around tunes our hearts into joyful accord with the wonders of nature, which only those who have been at sea for eighty-four days can appreciate. So intense is our interest in little things that it seems as if we had either been endowed with a sixth sense, combining all the others in a concentrated form, or else that their delicacy of perception has been increased an hundred-fold.

We notice a lazy lizard apparently dozing upon the sunny stones, and yet his occasional spring into the air after a chance fly proved that he was upon provender intent. My volatile mind was interested. There he lay, distending his throat like a toy balloon, and ready for another leap. In a few minutes the vora-

cious thing disposed of innumerable flies, of which this land seems to have more than its share.

One's eyes ache from the impossibility of taking in things so novel ; they seem starting out of one's head. In a dreamy way I gazed at the houses of Port Adelaide as if they were palaces transcending all the gems of academic renaissance. They are not ornate. No delicate tracery of lines of especial beauty to charm one, but simply square, solid, comfortable-looking white-stone houses. No attempt has been made to relieve them with the greenery of clinging vines or to brighten them with gay flowers. Shops there are in plenty,—prosaic ship-chandlers' and others. Perhaps one's head is a little turned with the bustle and excitement of arrival, for I have a queer feather-brained feeling and hardly know how to act. Every thing seems so strange and new !

In a little while, as we walk from the wharf to the depot, we overtake Amélie Hardcastle, Sutherland by her side, laden with her shawls and wraps. The mercury stood at 103°. The road is perfectly unshaded, and the brightness and glare of the atmosphere almost intolerable, but Sutherland looked as if he considered it bliss even to be made a porter in her service, the roseate hue of love surrounding every thing pertaining to her. What cares he, though

the whole world sees that his heart's affections are bound up in her ! I fancy that I noticed a mute expressive glance of pleasure in her eyes, some show of appreciation of his faithfulness, and a more than usually soft intonation in her voice when she addressed him.

We soon are in the train. Oh ! the charm of seeing new faces, however plain ! The heart expands ; it seems to take in all the people in the car, till one feels like shaking the hand of each, saying " I wish you well ! " But self-restraint is best. We whizz past houses and trees and flowers and vines, and then we are in Adelaide.

One could rave over Adelaide if only there might be thrown around it a romantic drapery of antique design, clothing it with mystic and mysterious traditions. It is a pleasure, though, to think that few dark tragedies have blotted the fair face of this lovely place. It is a more than ordinarily beautiful city, and suggests Italy to the mind. There are no old castles frowning down upon you from the neighboring heights, no dashing torrents spanned by graceful bridges, no archways blackened by the hand of time ; but there are broad streets, with directions to " walk round the corner," lined by handsome, well-built, whitest of houses, with stone stair-cases, hemmed in with marvellous masses of flowers, for they all have lovely

grounds in front. Instead of picturesque beggars and cripples exhibiting their infirmities to Cook's tourists, the ample sidewalks are trod by people of medium height and small features, usually blondes, with an Anglo-Saxon type of face, in which both lines and contour are stroked downwards by the hand of nature. The people, while they are never rude, are yet none too suave in manner. The town is as abundantly supplied with tramways as Philadelphia, which surely is very un-Italian.

Adelaide has no political or military history to serve as a connecting link between her and the country which, of all others, is richest in that respect—Italy. After all, perhaps, it is the soft diffusion of light through the sun's bright atmosphere, as much as any thing, which causes one's thoughts constantly to revert to that poetic land. But how pleasant it is to look in all directions and to behold a generally prosperous air. These are depressed times, it is true, and one hears of more or less suffering in consequence, but there are no indications of it upon the surface—no poverty-stricken-looking habitations, nor faces pinched by famine; but it is difficult to judge of this from a casual view. The Australians possess the Anglo-Saxon love of privacy. If they have to be satisfied with insufficient meals, they lock and bar the door so that their neighbors may not know it.

There is no open-air life ; there are no domestic street-scenes such as Italian travellers are familiar with. Soiled clothes are all washed at home.

The government buildings are superb. Indeed, one rarely sees a handsomer street than King William. As this is not a manufacturing city, and the climate is perfectly dry, the stones will remain white for ages.

We are most comfortably located at the excellent York Hotel. It is good to see cabs and hansoms standing around, and to realize that one can jump into them at will and drive for miles through the charming suburbs. My sitting-room faces on Rundle Street, which runs east and west. As I stepped from it upon the veranda after dinner this evening, the scene in the east was so vivid in its coloring that it beggared description. It was simply marvellous, and I believe could only be seen in a South Australian sunset. One would be stolid indeed not to be enthusiastic over the brilliant carmine- and maroon-colored clouds, with their raised fretted work of white, like cameos in relief, which studded the heavens far and near. Then there were extraordinary mauve shades with fringed algæ borders, which looked like nereids dancing in the azure sea. At the same time the beautiful hills forming the eastern background to Rundle Street were a deep-dark

blue, while others in the distance seemed enveloped in a pink cloud, which drifted lazily in the soft breeze that cooled our cheeks.

We had arranged before leaving the ship to meet the following day, for the purpose of having a photograph of our entire group taken. After a delicious lunch at the Australian Club, the photographer met us by appointment and requested us to adjourn to the College grounds, as, his rooms not being large enough, there we would have the most shade. When we reached them we were immensely diverted with the Australian idea of shade. It consisted of the white stone walls of the college as a background, and one small stunted tree, but there was nothing pleasing or restful to the eye near us. We posed upon the lawn, which was simply thirsty, bleached-out stubble, retaining no tinge of green to convey a hint of its pristine loveliness when arrayed in spring's fresh vestments. Even the ploughed field beyond glared white and granularity in the quivering light. What wonder that many of us looked as if minus eyes. However, the artist very skilfully supplied them with india ink here and there. To our surprise the picture was, on the whole, quite a success.

It is only in the inclosures of private residences in Adelaide where one sees bits of green sward in summer. There they keep it green

the year round, at the expense of continual watering. The hill-sides are brown and bare; every thing, even the weeds, is burned up by the sun, except wheat, which flourishes and prospers in the heat, and is an easy crop to raise. One needs only to sow, and it takes care of itself until harvest time. Then a stripper goes through the golden grain and strips the heads off, leaving the stalks standing. The ground is easily prepared, and it is only ploughed every other year; the alternate year going through it with a harrow is sufficient.

It certainly is pleasant to see something of the social life in Australia. I have met some charming and accomplished people, with whom conventionalism is unknown. They are quite untrammelled by the requirements of formal etiquette. Their forms and ceremonies are of the simplest nature, and one feels that the true spirit of hospitality pervades every soul. It may be manifested by calling for you to drive; sending you fresh almonds in their green mossy shells, or baskets of delicious passion-fruit, looking like great egg-plums reposing on their ribbed leaves; or by begging you to visit them.

If one were to be introduced, without knowledge of his whereabouts, into a South Australian drawing-room, he would fancy himself, from his surroundings, in England. We find the interior of their beautiful homes very English, and luxu-

riously furnished ; but there are usually one or two rooms pleasantly fitted up as dining- or sitting-rooms in what we would regard as the cellar—quite underground. Into these the families can flee to escape the intense heat of the upper rooms. Some physicians advise keeping infants in underground rooms in summer, as a preventive of disease. Others consider this a mistake, and think it better to frizzle above ground.

January 29th.—A few choice spirits picnicked at Aldsgate in the hills, one hour's ride by rail from Adelaide ; not forgetting the accompaniments of sandwiches, fruit, etc. The air grew perceptibly cooler as we wound up the edge of the mountain. At many of the stations we passed, I noticed groups of prettily dressed ladies waiting to greet their friends, while the patient horses stood outside, just as we see at train-time in the mountain resorts at home. Our hopes of finding shelter from the sun's brassy rays under some leafy canopy were dispelled when we reached Aldsgate woods. Greenery was there, plenty of it, decorating the wide-spreading branches of the tall gum-trees, from whose huge trunks the bark hung loosely in shaggy strips. Alas, for the shade ! There was none, unless you call tiny narrow stripe-like shadows by that name.

Notwithstanding this drawback we had a

particularly pleasant time. Some bushmen were at work felling trees. We learned from them that of the various varieties of eucalypti, with which Australia is so well wooded, only the eucalyptus rostrata, or red-gum, is of much value, except for firing. The red-gum-wood resembles in color our cedar and can be used for the same purposes. The bushmen entertained us with the Australian call, or "cooe," a cry which can be heard for miles. Their "damper," a prominent article of diet in the bush, reminded me of Virginia pone. Of course, we had a small fire on which to boil our oddly-shaped tin tea-kettles, or billy cans, in order to make "billy tea," which is used very strong and without milk. As I observed the pains our Australian friends took to destroy the last smouldering embers of fire, it occurred to me that if the *jeunesse dorée* who camp out in our Maine and Adirondack woods would but pattern after them much valuable property might be preserved.

The government is vigilant in Australia. Notices were posted to the effect that any one throwing glass or bottles on the ground would be prosecuted. The concentration of the sun's rays upon bits of glass occasionally sets fire to the dry leaves underneath and causes destructive bush fires.

The return to Adelaide by moonlight was

enchanting. Lady Byerly tried to check Amélie's admiration by telling her not to be too enthusiastic, but Amélie replied :

" I believe in enthusiasm ; it is the leaven of life. Without it we should be simply dull lumps of clay."

" Enthusiasm," said Lady Byerly, " is a good thing, but it should be tempered by conservatism."

In all of the railway stations we observe the long canvas bags of drinking waters, and really the water keeps beautifully cool in them. The hotter the day, the cooler the water. When families go on excursions they swing one of these bags on the back of their carriage.

The water supply is a difficult question in South Australia, as one must depend almost entirely upon rain. When artesian wells are bored the water is often so brackish that even sheep will not drink it. We have been warned against partaking of any unboiled water, as those pursuing fiends, hydatids, lurk in it, as well as in uncooked vegetables. It seems strange that the two countries in the world in which hydatids most abound are Australia and Iceland. Dr. Thomas, who is an authority upon this subject, says that hydatids could be exterminated if all the dogs were killed, for they require to pass through two beings, viz.: dog and man, to become dangerous. The insects them-

selves might be eaten without serious consequences. It is the ova which, taken into the system, pass through the blood-currents into the lungs or other parts and form sacs and tumors. These contain myriads of insects and are exceedingly troublesome, if not fatal. I wonder that a war of extermination is not waged against the dog, for Australians are exceedingly desirous to prevent the spread of the disease in the colonies, and take many precautionary measures. Hydrophobia having never appeared here no dog is allowed to be brought into the country until it has been subjected to a six months' quarantine. Pleuro-pneumonia is also unknown, and cattle are subjected to the same length of quarantine. I feel sorry for our poor cow who has to remain penned up on shipboard. Possibly, however, she is just as well off, as I have seen no "pastures green" as yet.

South Australians aver that theirs is the only Australian colony which has never been a penal settlement. Theirs is the only one around which hangs a shadow of romance. It is sad to think of the high hopes with which many scions of British families started from their homes, expecting to live in princely style on the proceeds of the inexhaustible copper mines in the El Dorado to which they were bound. Well supplied with furniture, horses, dogs, and

servants, they set sail for their vast estates. Arrived at what is now Port Adelaide they found only a trackless, shadowless desert. Thoroughly disillusioned they left their equipages and furniture to decay in the sun. The beach, it is said, was literally strewn with fine pianos and rich furniture; the owners being too discouraged and disheartened to remove them inland over the frightful white, sandy, sterile plains where they had looked for fertile, green, and blooming valleys. No wagon could stir without sinking at every step to its hubs in the burning sand.

The original South Australian Land Company, consisting chiefly of British capitalists, who boomed it in the beginning, still control enormous tracts. The English system of land being held by a few wealthy owners repeats itself here.

We suffered martyrdom from the heat for a few days, and then the climax was reached in a "dust storm." These storms are very prevalent throughout Australia, and I do not care to experience another. It came with a fluttering noise and filled every cubic inch of air with dust until there was literally nothing but dust to breathe. This made us flee to the mountains.

CHAPTER IX.

“Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of paradise.
Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the summer lays ;
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores with many a shining rift
Far-off their pearl-white peaks uplift.”

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

MOUNT LOFTY is a delightfully restful place. Here we enjoy immunity from the withering heat and bloodthirsty mosquitoes. Far from the busy throngs we linger on the verandas enjoying the delicious air, or stroll in the woods under the fragrant eucalypti from morn till eve, unshackled by the forms of civilization. Wealthy Australians are beginning to realize the difference in temperature between plains and hills, and lovely villas are scattered here and there. While the mercury, we understand, has indicated 110° in the shade in Adelaide, we have not had it above 90° here, and the nights are beautifully cool.

South Australia is the pioneer in hospitality and hotels. Let the other colonies laugh at

her slow-going ways if they please ; you cannot obtain the same amount of comfort elsewhere.

February 5th.—A coaching party drove up from Adelaide this morning, Lady Byerly, with her sister Amélie, and Sutherland, of course, being among the number. I could not help admiring his noble mien as he cordially greeted us one and all. At the dinner-table the conversation chanced on a variety of topics ; politics, metaphysics, and literature were all discussed, and it seemed to me his arguments were without a break, while his reasonings were flawless. Once or twice, when it looked as though the General had the better of him, Sutherland wound up the discussion with sledge-hammer statements as convincing and clear as algebraic propositions.

After dinner the company strolled out to a high knoll which commands a fine view of the surrounding country. I followed soon after, alone. As I ascended the rising ground, faint spicy odors pervaded the air ; the picture spread before me was as beautiful as a dream. Amélie and Sutherland were a little apart from the others. Fan-shaped rays from the setting sun shot through the dark, glossy greenery of the eucalyptus boughs under which they stood and surrounded Amélie's face with an effulgent aureole, while the extreme tips pierced her

gown here and there like fairy arrows. Sutherland gazed at her as if she were some beautiful vision of more than earthly glory, and he feared if he stirred or spoke that it would break the charm and she would vanish from sight. Perchance their souls thrilled in unison and longed to float toward one another in a loving embrace, but Amélie seemed oblivious of his breathless admiration, and was enthralled with the swiftly changing lights and shadows.

She was looking up. Her eyes kindled and glowed, dark and fathomless. Deep plum banks appear with violet edges; then salmon-pink with borders blue as robin's eggs, round which float in amethystine seas, soft albescent caps of crumpled gold. The bare, gray desert waste is transformed into waving fields of crimson and violet. Even the dusty highway, gritty and hot as it was some time ago, is now a strand of gold gracefully woven into an arabesque of beauty, fit to adorn a king's pageant. As the last gorgeous coloring died away in the west, the vast expanse in the east caught the wondrous mazy-hazy glow and radiated it high in the sky, deadening as it spread until it sank into pale ashes-of-rose. This was soon quite extinguished by the moon, which shone as if to say: "Well, now is your chance for opossums. I will beguile them forth from their sleepy hollows, which they cling to

all day, and you may trap them as they feed on the tender eucalypti leaves." It seems cruel to hurt the dear little things when they peep so confidently at you, but some of the young men are already off for shot-guns to "moon" the opossum, as they call it.

The Byerly party would not remain overnight. I watched them out of sight and wondered what the future had in store for them all. Lady Byerly has such refreshing repose of manner that I always feel, after being with her for a time, as if all disquieting influences had been soothed by a gently caressing hand.

We arose early on the morrow to gather some of the manna which drops from the tips of the white-gum leaves all night, but melts in the morning light. As there had been a heavy dew the night before, the ground under the eucalypti trees was liberally sprinkled with it. It is a sweetish white substance, resembling tapioca in appearance, and is quite nutritious. Burt and other Australian travellers have subsisted for days upon it.

It seems strange to be abroad *de bonne heure* here, because the people are by no means early birds. Even in Adelaide they open their places of business late, and, as Charles Lamb says, "make up for it by closing early." To us they seem inert. They would enjoy life in Tahiti, where they could dream their lives away.

Often in going through a Tahitian town not a sound is heard. You think the village deserted until you look around, and there, under the sheltering trees, human figures are extended, perfectly motionless. Are they dead? Not at all; only dreaming, with wide-open eyes fixed upon the distant horizon. Let strains of music strike upon their ears, and instantly they will throw themselves with passionate fervor into the intricacies of their native dance, *pas à pas*.

If labor is the punishment of sin, the Tahitians must be sinless, for it is probably the only country in the world where a whole people can live without work. Cocoa-nut trees grow everywhere, and furnish them with delicious meat and refreshing drink. They need only raise their hands to pluck the bananas and other fruits which are so abundant. What more do their simple natures crave?

Perhaps it might be well for some of the South Australians to emigrate to Tahiti. They have no energy; or, at least, if any, it is spasmodic, and not well directed. They rarely start any thing in the manufacturing line themselves, and if an outsider were to propose a new enterprise, so strangely jealous are they of their sister colonies that they would not take hold and help it along lest it might be a Victorian idea. The men think they know every thing; all want to be leaders, so that

there is no one left to follow. But why, oh! why do they not take hold and lead somewhere, if it is only to the piles of fruit wasting upon the ground for the want of some one to pick them up? They have not yet got over the bad effects of the golden days, and do not realize the necessity of steady, persistent labor. Desiring to obtain money easily, they are restless if it does not drop into their laps.

Their temperaments are so different from ours that it is difficult for us to enter into and analyze them. While we may deprecate their lack of "go-aheadativeness," they possess so much kindness of heart and sterling goodness that it seems unkind to criticise them.

South Australia could not support a large population, unless her rain-fall were doubled. People carry water for miles from the government tanks for household purposes.

The time for making speedy fortunes is, I fear, past. The servant question is a difficult one, and "Jack is as good as his master." Those who rise to the top at the present time are not the cultured ones, but men who can perform manual labor. Bricklayers, carpenters, and other mechanics soon amass comfortable fortunes, and swim on the topmost layer of society, while men of education drop out; they seem to rapidly deteriorate in Australia. When English "Varsity" men first go out, the loss of

refined companionship and means of culture are deeply felt, but it speedily becomes a matter of course, and in associating with the masses they sink to their level. Not infrequently the boundary riders—I will explain presently what these are—are keen, agile men, who have taken prizes for Latin or Greek composition in their English universities. Going to Australia in search of health or wealth, and finding nothing better to do, they take this work, as it affords them plenty of open-air exercise. But so many English families have found sending their wild and wayward sons to Australia a convenient way to dispose of them, that it makes the colonists suspicious, and when a new man appears and announces his intention of remaining, the first thought that arises in their minds is, “I wonder what he has been sent out for ; what has he done?”

The sheep-stations are noticeable chiefly for their absence of sheep, or at least it appears so to a casual observer. Their plaintive bleat is rarely heard. They are so scattered over enormous tracts that but few are seen, except when they are yarded up and drafted out into lots. No Millet-like shepherdesses, knitting in hand and crook at side, guarding plump white sheep as they graze upon the billowy green, enchant the eye. The pasture is very scant ; one sheep to an acre is said to be a fair allowance. They

live upon almost nothing, and get subsistence from bare-looking ground and salt bush. In some places there is absolutely no grass, and the sheep feed upon the low salt bushes; yet they are particularly healthy, though not as clean, sleek, and beautiful as their British brethren. They have a struggle for existence, and manifest it in their scraggy appearance.

Every station of any size has its boundary riders. Three men ride the bounds usually, each man making the circuit once in three days. If he leaves the home station in the morning he reaches a hut, where a man keeps provisions, etc., in the evening and passes the night there; the next day another man is despatched from the home station, the following day still another. The third day the first man is back and ready for another start. At shearing time a great many extra hands are hired, and the stations present scenes of busy activity, but at other times the numberless shearing sheds and men's huts clustered together look like a deserted hamlet. The time for shearing depends upon the ripening of the grass seed. This, getting among the wool, is very destructive to it; so the sheep-raisers let the grass get as long as possible without going to seed. In Queensland they begin to shear in August; the farther south you go the later it is put off; around Adelaide the shearer does not begin

until October. A good shearer can earn about £1 a day, shearing from ninety to one hundred sheep, but it is hard, exhausting, unhealthy work. At Mrs. Broom's stations the shearers are always served with eight meals a day. Of course they do not go to the houses, but cold meat, bread, and tea are brought to them in the shearing sheds.

The killing of rabbits, and the uprooting of the thistle, constitute the chief items of expense to the station owners, as after the paddocks are once well fenced in the sheep require very little attention. It is fearful to think what a curse rabbits are in this country; brought on, too, by the thoughtlessness of man. They were only introduced about a quarter of a century ago, yet I am told that in many places large station owners pay from £2,000 to £10,000 per annum for their destruction. It is said that in this part of the universe, in the course of a year, one pair of rabbits will be the progenitors of four thousand. They begin to bear when they are three months old. The hot winds, which prostrate even the birds so that they are too feeble to stir, seem to fan the rabbits into being. They thrive during the seasons of drouth, when sheep die by the thousands. M. Pasteur's method of exterminating them by inoculation is said to promise success.

Ophthalmia is very common in Australia. It is caused by flies feeding upon carrion, and then stinging the eye afterward. It really is difficult to protect one's self from them, for they invariably aim at the eyes. Ladies all wear thick tissue veils, and men face-nets. I was immensely diverted at first with the curious aspect of the men under these nets, but they cannot afford to defy the flies and perhaps lose their sight.

As we desire to see something of the country beyond us, we leave in the morning and slowly ascend the stiff grades of the Mount Lofty Railway to almost the summit. There is nothing very fascinating in the immediate vicinity of the railway. Clayey banks, arid and sunburnt; white stone cliffs with butterflies dancing in their hot shadows; midges, gnats, and mosquitoes buzzing away as if never weary, while above their liliputian music arises the hum of the busy bee; every now and then a bit of woods, eucalyptus always, with no spiral vines concealing their dishevelled trunks, but brakefern beneath them in abundance—these are the sights and sounds of the route. Occasionally the discordant notes of a screech-owl are heard, for here, they respect the popular desire for midnight quietude, and give utterance to their dismal sounds only through the day.

There are houses, too, and however heterogeneous in architecture, whether low bunga-

lows, or verging toward the Gothic, with pointed gables and quaint windows, they all have the inevitable corrugated-iron roofs, which certainly are hot during the day, but cool quickly at night. They tell us there are two important reasons which render their use so universal: (1) they are clean, and the rain-water from them is fit for use; (2) they save labor. The iron is brought from England in plain sheets and corrugated here.

Soon we arrive at the pretty little Balhannah Station, where we alight and ride to Woodside, a distance of six miles, in a Black-Maria-like affair without springs, which contains a posted notice to the effect that "Passengers on and after this date ride in this vehicle at their own risk, and will not be entitled to recover any damages." This is not reassuring, as Australian horses are rarely well broken. Notwithstanding the pell-mell, up-and-down-hill style in which we drive, we arrive at our destination in safety.

CHAPTER X.

“ The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm ;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.”

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WE are disappointed to find our Woodside Hotel right on the main road, which is the popular situation here, in order to catch teamsters *en passant*. But the house is exquisitely neat. All of the rooms have ventilators in the walls opening out-of-doors, so that the air is always pure and fresh. Each room also contains a comb and brush, together with a pair of men's slippers. This is quite the South Australian custom. I have found them in all the hotels, and at first thought they had been left by mistake.

The soil is said to be capital in this vicinity, capable of raising any thing, but as all the property is owned by English capitalists, who decline to sell and will only rent upon short leases, there is no incentive for the people to improve their grounds, and consequently the proprietor of our hotel is obliged to send to

Adelaide daily for his fruits and vegetables. There are quantities of the tiny native wild cherry, the fruit which is so odd in its habits. The cherry grows next the stem, while the stone appears on the other side of the fruit, just as though it had been pushed through the cherry and clung to the outside. Instead of leaves, it has needles like pine.

Woodside is quite an attractive little village. Its prosperity depends largely upon the success of the gold mines near here. All of the men were on the *qui vive* Saturday evening to know the result of the monthly clearing up. The manager of one mine returned with a larger amount than usual—two hundred and forty-seven ounces, which will net about £1,000 sterling, and as the expenses of working that mine are small, this is considered quite satisfactory.

We went over to the bank to see the re-torted gold, which looked like a five-pound sponge-cake turned out of a deep, round mould. Although it was hollow in the centre it was almost too heavy for me to lift. There is still a good deal of silver with it, which will be removed at the mint.

There are quantities of non-edible, but very beautiful, birds here. Paroquets innumerable; flocks of bright green ones, with vivid carmine patches, wing their buoyant way across the

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road as we drive along, while glossy sable-backed magpies, with broad white breasts, whisper to each other among the tree-tops in the soft, warm sunshine ; and the laughing jackasses, three, sitting in solemn row on the fence, than whom more grave-looking birds I have never seen, suddenly break out into a chorus of throat-splitting laughter, a mocking he ! he ! he !—as much as to say : “ Oh, you fools, how we pity you. You think yourselves so wise, and you do not even know where the wary serpent hides. I must protect you,” and off darts one of the trio toward a mass of leaves, pounces down with his massive beak upon the trailing serpent beneath, and bears him up, up, up, into the azure sky ; then with calm precision drops him unerringly upon a huge boulder, not a rounded moss-grown stone, but a great jagged, unfriendly rock. Lacerated, but still alive, Mr. Serpent thinks he will crawl away into the shelter of matted roots or a rocky cave, when quickly he is seized again and forced to make another ærial pilgrimage. Once more he is free, but rushing through the air by a zig-zag path with such frightful rapidity that his head is dizzy, and he knows nothing more until, crushed and bruised, he is swallowed, a sickening, slippery mass, by his merry foe, the jackass. A fine is levied upon any one who kills a laughing jackass, as his tactics in freeing the land of snakes are fully appreciated.

After spending three uneventful days at Woodside, we leave the little village one lovely, bright morning with feelings of regret that we cannot linger longer, for the coarse pampas grasses which rear their sturdy heads away above my own wave their graceful plumes and beckon us to stay. The wide-open wild flowers raise their cheerful faces with dew-drops upon them, as if waiting to be plucked to make room for others, while the gorgeous paroquets rise lazily on the wing, and flitting from bough to bough make a carnival of colors.

We say good-by to all, however, and drive rapidly to Balhannah, where we take our seats in a comfortable railway carriage. It grows decidedly warmer as we wind down, through deep cuts, the steep gradients of Mount Lofty, although it takes but a short time to slip by its wooded ravines and upheaved ridges. Adelaide and Semaphore, with the blue waters of Largs' Bay beyond, dawn upon our sight, afar off and away below us it is true, but we quickly descend to their level, when we glide by the Lake Torrens, and are at the station.

We had a little time to spare in Adelaide and called at the Australian Club, where we were told that Sir Edward Byerly and family, together with the Brownells, had left the previous week for Melbourne. We then visited the Botanical Garden, which contains many rare plants and trees, but the site is unfortu-

nately flat. The Museum has the nucleus of a good collection; the variety and exquisite coloring of the fungi is simply extraordinary.

After lunching at the "York," we took the afternoon train for Largs' Bay, where there is a fine hotel with a beautiful water view. We passed a quiet evening on the verandas, and the next morning took a stroll upon the pebbly beach, where occasional bath-houses indicate that bathing in the bay is sometimes indulged in, notwithstanding that the sharks render that sport rather perilous. At noon we embarked upon a fine "Orient" steamer, and after a pleasant trip in smooth water of forty-eight hours, we found ourselves, on a cold, wet morning, in the harbor of Melbourne. Before we could land a severe hail-storm set in, and we were pleased indeed to reach the shelter of the comfortable Grand Hotel, where we found pleasant rooms awaiting us.

CHAPTER XI.

"A new world stood in the morn of the day
Ready to welcome the brave and free."

ROBERT COLLYER.

WE learn that Sir Edward Byerly and family and Mrs. and Miss Brownell, as well as Sutherland Pelham-Gower, are here, which is charming for us. Apart from the pleasure of their society, they can tell us where to go and what to do in order to see Melbourne intelligently. After a refreshing repose and an excellent dinner, a note was handed me from Lady Byerly, begging us to visit her in her rooms, which we immediately proceeded to do, and found assembled quite a Florentian company. We were all glad to meet again, for our peculiarly informal ship-board life has developed within us a circle of interests into which an outsider can hardly penetrate. Of course, we had many incidents to narrate, and much to tell in regard to what had occurred since our paths had diverged. There is a strong *esprit de corps* among us, or at least I have that feeling; and I think the others have as well, a mutual trustfulness which pre-

cludes all probability of misunderstandings, even if our dispositions are so varied and diverse that one would fancy it difficult to maintain a comfortable equipoise.

Lady Byerly has felt rather troubled, of late, in regard to Sir Edward's physical condition, but she says that they have been on a continual picnic notwithstanding, and she thinks their little trips have benefited him. Mrs. Brownell was never so much like other people ; Australian life seems to have sobered and recalled her wandering senses more to practicabilities, chaining her interests to this mundane sphere, while atmospheric or some other tranquillizing influences have generated a happier spirit in Giovannelli's perturbed breast. 'T is true, she has comparatively little to ruffle her now, as her six brothers are visiting an aunt near Ballarat, where they are enjoying the station life immensely, riding and romping to their hearts' content.

I believe that the maraschino custard of Giovannelli's nature is really composed of hearty good-will, readiness to help, and an intense desire to see the ends of justice evenly balanced, for which she has all of her life fought a losing battle. Floating on the surface are tiny globules containing quicksilver and dynamite, which flash out with ready fire, but the sediment quickly falls to its proper depth, and the

smooth waters of every-day life roll on as evenly as before.

Sutherland and Amélie have certainly had a charming time. Whether horseback riding, yachting, or indulging in any of the thousand and one pleasures which seem to have been constantly on the *tapis*, they are so perfectly light-hearted and happy that it affords one genuine pleasure to see them enjoying together this fairest season of life. But, whether in the midst of our circle, or off in a cosey corner, where he seems to be the chief talker, and she listens with downcast eyes, intent upon the needlework in her hands, while the glowing light bathes her sunny hair in its alchemic rays and transmutes it into spun gold, they are never too absorbed to cheerfully respond when music is requested or desired. Sutherland has a rare but uncultivated baritone voice, and plays sympathetic accompaniments upon the guitar. He sings harmoniously with Amélie, and it was a real treat to hear their duets this evening. The time passed so quickly in listening to them that we were amazed to find it near twelve o'clock when we separated. I slept well notwithstanding an annoying dream, and sallied forth in the morning to do the sights. A hail-storm cleared the atmosphere, but it has been succeeded by intense heat.

One must needs admire the many fine houses

and public buildings of Melbourne, though the bluestone of which they are constructed is already rather gloomy-looking, darkened by moisture and smoke, but they have a strong, substantial appearance, as if built to withstand time and tide. Manufactories rear their bristling chimneys aloft at frequent intervals, and, belching forth volumes of smoke, burden the air with tons of coal, suggestive of London and prosperity.

The Melbournites love to call their city a second London. To our eyes, however, it seems but a feeble imitation of the Old World metropolis. There are so many evidences of rush and haste which are not agreeable to contemplate, that we feel almost reconciled to the inertia and easy-going tranquillity of the *South* Australians. It may be the beginning of something great, but beginnings are never pleasant; neither are endings. The middle stage is always safest and best, and that is yet a long look ahead for even the rushing Melbournites, who are always craving praise, and are not content unless it is awarded them without stint.

Considering its years, Melbourne is certainly a prosperous child, and its property fetches large prices. Nine hundred pounds sterling a running foot has been paid for desirable sites on the main and magnificent business thoroughfare, Collins Street. The streets are wide and badly

paved—all hills and dales. One can speak well of the markets, or marts, as they are called, of which there are a variety—a cow-mart, a pig-mart, a horse-mart, and a general mart. The latter is clean and inviting, with tempting rows of fruits and vegetables tastefully displayed in all their varieties of flame, burgundy, yellow, and other brilliant colors. Birds of various kinds occupy a prominent place in the centre of the market; the rose-breasted cockatoos are quarrelsomely inclined, and look very fierce with their carmine crests spread out as they viciously strive to bite each other's tongues, while the innumerable parrots are unpleasantly loquacious.

The Melbourne ladies have small, fine features, and affect gaudy combinations of colors. One would rarely see such striking costumes in other parts of the world. The people here are very fond of gayety, and the present governor and his wife entertain a great deal, so they are well pleased.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Smile not, fair unbeliever !
 One man, at least, I know,
 Who might wear the crest of Bayard
 Or Sidney's plume of snow.”

WHITTIER.

THE Byerlys insist upon including us in all their multiform pleasures, and we virtually constitute one party. We make no particular plans in advance, therefore no failures or disappointments can result, for we depend chiefly upon the caprice of the moment, and yet we have been in every respect signally favored. It seems, in fact, as if all things conspire to ensure us a particularly charming time. Part of the time we are sight-seeing in the city proper, mounting its steep ascents, loitering through its excellent museums and charming botanical gardens, or visiting the Aquarium and Zoo. After a morning passed in this way we devote the afternoon to an excursion to some pleasant suburb. Whatever we do, Sutherland certainly possesses the special gift of arranging things in the most delightfully complete way at the shortest possible notice, and without any apparent effort on his part ; all is attended to so

delicately and unobtrusively that we have hardly felt any sense of obligation to him. And yet each night we agree that we have had an exceptionally charming day, and that no plan could have been adopted to make it pass more agreeably. Friends of the Byerlys sometimes join us ; oftener, our little group is alone.

We all feel quite sure that no amount of dilution by the floods of time would ever highly attenuate the delightful memories of our two days' visit to the Grampian Hills. The picturesqueness of those wooded hills, with sloping coves and deep ravines, enlivened by occasional cascades tumbling white and foamy over their rocky beds, touches one's sensibilities more keenly than the barrenness and baldness of more majestic mountains. They seem to present a new and more beautiful appearance every hour ; never could they be wearisome, for are they not ever changing ? Then the endless variety of indigenous plants must be a continual source of pleasure ; the soil seems to induce their growth in exuberant profusion. It is, indeed, Nature's flower-garden ; the wealth of color that greeted us here and there seemed like electrical outbursts of natural bombs, scattering the yellow, mauve, rose, maroon, grays, purples, and a hundred kindred shades of the epacrids, banksias, and lichen flora, the stars of the plain, in reckless profusion.

We were so enchanted with our first view of the hills that we determined to devote as much time as possible to exploring the mysterious recesses of their forest-clad slopes. Accordingly we set forth, soon after our arrival, lunch-baskets in hand, well equipped for a campaign. The elements were propitious, for never had the verde-antique and lapis-lazuli encrusted skies shone with a fairer lustre.

As we passed the straggling outposts of the primeval wilderness, the tall, indifferent sentinels allowed us to move by unchallenged, but before we had penetrated far into the soft topaz light among the trees, we heard them whispering together in an unknown tongue, as if questioning the propriety of allowing strangers to take the camp of the dryads by storm. The result of the colloquy was probably in our favor, as the trees ahead of us, while apparently in a thoughtful mood, certainly seemed to beckon us onward, translating their hospitable intentions by a series of benign bows, and by waving their verdant fans with more than the grace of Spanish señoritas.

Sutherland and Amélie were the pioneers, and we followed in their footsteps with a half-feeling of awe at the grandeur and solitude of the scene. In a shadowy glade beyond, like the jewelled rim of an old mosaic, meandered, with subtle flashes, a sparkling silvery stream.

We seated ourselves beside it, enjoying a hearty four-o'clock tea, while it poured forth, in its flute-like voice, a charming sylvan carol, which was carried on the wings of the happy air until it mingled its waves with the faint anthems which murmured around us.

After the pleasures of tea-making and tea-drinking we were in a very cheerful mood, and sang part-songs, the laughing jackasses breaking in now and then with the most obstreperous refrains. We gathered sappy reeds, which Amélie's deft fingers wove into fantastic baskets; and these Sutherland filled with moist pitcher-plants and the beautiful white and pink epacrids which formed a carpet under our feet. Then Amélie and Sutherland sauntered off together, and soon only soft inarticulate cadences reached us from the wandering pair, sounds which seemed almost like the shadowy musings of chanting sibyls, a rhythmic dryadic measure. The delicious dreamy air is so full of pungent woodsy odors, and a something more delicate diffused by the eucalypti, that it frees one from all care.

Enveloped in this mantle of *insouciance*, I am carried away, I believe, into another world; what boots it if it is sometimes called the Land of Nod? My siesta surely was very short, though on awakening I find myself quite alone; still I hear some one singing, and,

guided by the sound, I go forward for a short distance until I come to a yellow limestone grotto, which I enter and explore. Finding it very shallow, I turn to go out, when, as I do, I see through a leafy screen a scene so beautiful that it fairly takes my breath away by its almost Oriental splendor. But a short distance in front of me, under an umbrageous canopy, is an uptilted boulder royally upholstered in red and yellow lichens, on which Amélie is sitting in an attitude of graceful ease, which displays to advantage her superb figure. On her left side, Sutherland half reclines, leaning his head on his hand, and beyond, Amélie's pet pug blinks in the yellow light beside her hat filled with flowers. They are environed by more gorgeous plumes than ever graced even a papal procession, and Amélie casts a look of pleasure upon the *cortège* of birds that circle around them, some soaring to dizzy heights, others lazily flapping their broad and glossy wings, until they seem upliftings of beryl, topaz, and gold, all together forming a restless, shimmering, glittering background, as if of brilliant gems. At the base of the rock glides a murmuring stream, its cadences running into symphonies of rippling sylvan music. This stimulates the birds to emulation; they open their mouths wide and start out bravely with beautiful *arias*, but then, in the midst of capti-

vating strains they stop abruptly, only to begin again and repeat the original *fantasia*, which they once more whimsically arrest in mid-career. How I regret that I have not my photographic camera with me! But in my enthusiasm I draw pencil and paper from my *châtelaine* bag, and attempt to sketch the outlines at least, so as to convey some idea of the charm with which the scene inspires me.

I remain within the grotto. Almost across its entrance, the upturned roots of a fallen monarch, with flowers and vines growing out of his heart, form an imperial parterre. Through the party-colored mass of blazing creepers I proceed to take my observations, my thoughts reverting to the time long past when this forest king had yielded up his life, while his sobbing brethren, to a sighing Æolian dirge, covered him with leafy diadems.

"Yes, it is *all* superb," I murmur to myself, "I must take that serrated mountain top for the vanishing point; Amélie and Sutherland, surrounded by birds, in the middle distance, under the umbrella-like tree which casts wide shadows around. Oh, dear, if only Amélie would not move. I really believe that they are coming this way. What shall I do?"

"They seem so absorbed in one another that it would be a pity to disturb them; it were better to remain in ambush until they pass,

and then to make my escape," I soliloquize. As they walk slowly toward me I cannot help hearing Sutherland address Amélie as his "heart's idol," while he tells her that under the inspiration of *her* glances he feels himself capable of conquering the world. I laugh softly, and wonder if all lovers are so brave, and at the same time I am wishing myself far enough away. My cave is so shallow that I cannot retire into dim recesses, and I am obliged to hear what follows, as they sink upon a gnarled and twisted seat very near me, a seat formed by some internal revolution or strange freak of a black-wood tree just large enough to accommodate two.

Amélie evidently had been talking in a *Portia* strain, or at least had expressed a desire that she might be different in certain respects from her usual self, for Sutherland exclaimed emphatically: "I would not have you change one iota, Amélie; no, not even in the most insignificant degree, my own darling, for all the wealth of King Solomon's mines," and he punctuated his remarks with kisses upon her ungloved hands.

Amélie replied: "Alas! my poor, chivalrous Sutherland, you are under a species of enchantment now and cannot see me as I am. 'Love sees not with the eyes, but with the mind, and therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.' In-

deed," continued Amélie, in a very serious tone, "you do not *really* know me yet."

"I do not know you?" retorted Sutherland, "I firmly believe that I know you better than you know yourself," and then seizing her two hands, and gazing deep into her melting eyes, while their heads were very close together, he said in a low, soft voice: "I know that you are divine, but I also know that the rich red blood flowing through your veins is full of magnetic power. Could I worship you as I do if you were simply a *spirituelle*, shadowy creature like the exhalations of poets' brains? No, a thousand times, no; I am wrapped in a deliciously *enivrant* ecstasy of delight when by your side," and drawing her toward him in a vehement embrace, he murmured coaxingly: "Oh! Amélie, my love, you *are* mine; why will you not be my bride at once? I cannot endure the thought of separation, of going on to Sydney without you. May we not be married here, to-morrow, the next day, or some time very near?"

Amélie laughed merrily as she disengaged herself from Sutherland's arms, and exclaimed: "It certainly is too absurd to fancy that I could be married in this barbarous land, minus all the trousseau dainties that delight a woman's heart. And," Amélie continued, as she cast Sutherland a roguish glance, "I enjoy the

present state of affairs and quite believe in the old adage that 'always to be courted,' etc., is the happiest life, so I do not desire it to end too abruptly."

Sutherland answered vehemently: "Do you believe, Amélie, that I am *only* your lover during the fever of courtship? Nay, nay, my darling, my devotion to you will last until my heart ceases to beat. You cannot know the wild rapture that fills me when I dream of being made one with thee in the sight of God and man."

As Sutherland said this there shone upon his face a look of glorified bliss, of pleasure so intense that it almost amounted to pain. Before Amélie could reply, the rest of our party appeared in sight and shouted out "Where is Miss Smithson?"

Sutherland and Amélie started up precipitately, and proceeded to join the others. I kept as quiet as a Buddhist monk in his rock-cut temple, but when they were a safe distance beyond, I emerged from my concealment, feeling extremely small, and after making something of a *détour*, presented myself before my friends. I was obliged to give rather evasive answers when questioned in regard to my previous whereabouts; but my discomfort was soon forgotten in my pleasure at the sunset effects. As the illuminating, rosy flush, suffusing the

quivering leaves, gave place to a sudden yellow glow, it converted them into a fringe of gold ; then suddenly came a flood of silvery moonlight, which changed the columnar monoliths into innumerable alabaster pillars supporting the vaulted dome. These transition scenes are only possible in this Southern clime. With such a lustre of fairness shone the white tree-trunks that Amélie said, with a convincing air, " Now we are in the Alhambra. The splendor of its chief beauties are focussed in these endless arcades. Yonder," she continued, pointing to gigantic rocks, " are the masked portals by which Boabdil vacated the palace of his forefathers, and which have never since been profaned by the form of man. Let *us* penetrate beyond them ! "

We found a small fissure through which we passed, when lo ! those very stones guarded or retarded the fretting waters of a rushing stream as it precipitately fell down a steep incline, one foaming mass of soft frothy flutings, except where it parted into showery bridal veils. Beside those living waters lay flaming phosphorescent logs, whose lambent lights were dancing as if waiting to ferry the brownies beyond those granite doors. The elves may have heard the water's weary story of the struggle it had had as it wore its incisive way through the granite ribs into the flinty heart of the solid rocks,

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which clasped it in so loving an embrace ; but to our crude ears its *pianissimo* cadence gave no indication of those grave *adagio* movements through the dreary lapse of time. It seemed to us to sing its own lullaby as it slowly swept along its freshly sprinkled pathway in the moonlit shadows of the beautiful margining trees, which now and then dipped their lower branches into the refreshing waters, and then rose, pagoda-like, tier upon tier, until they terminated in pointed spires, as if the sole end and aim of their existence were to reach the ethereal skies, while the volatile oily perfume from the delicious *Eucalyptus odorata* surrounded all with a penetrating aromatic fragrance, and the responsive air gave back in softening echoes the surging of the waters and the murmuring of our voices, woven so together that it was like a wedding chime.

Here and there, parasitic plants intertwined trees and shrubs together in an entangled copse, decorated with a lush growth of wild flowers. Beetles flew about in their clumsy, helpless way, "like overgrown boys who are always treading upon other people's toes," said Amélie, with a meaning look at me, who had just felt the weight of Sir Edward's by no means sylph-like foot upon my pet corn, but I was so carried away with delight at the view before me that I made light of my discomfort.

On the crest of the rock, surveying the water, were about ten little lyre-birds, who capriciously raised their long tails as we approached, glanced this way and that with an air of lordly proprietorship, as much as to say: What right have you to intrude here? and then gravely withdrew to a little pond of molten silver flecked with gold from the stars, and sheltered by fern fronds which flourished so sturdily upon its sloping banks.

"See!" said Amélie, glancing upward with a bewitching smile, "there go, sailing away in mad haste, the only *white* swans we have seen in Australia. They crane their necks forward and skim the tree-tops on outstretched wings, while their wind-swept breasts drop downy bunches of softest flakes which dissolve in the air before they reach us."

Sutherland ejaculated, laughingly: "What an unlimited collection of water-color gems Amélie's floating cloud-gallery contains!" But even as he spoke, the *quasi* sea-foam pictures seemed to solidify into statues of darkest onyx, and the silvery light of the moon became but a dreary flicker through a small rent in a black cloud. As the violet-crowned hills faded from view, we were startled by a vivid flash of ugly forked lightning, and then we were enveloped in darkness so intense that we could almost feel it. As we breathed we seemed

to inhale atoms of carboniferous denseness, which only needed an electric touch to burst into flame.

We turned all our energies toward the homeward path, and tramped along it in silence until we emerged from the woods and the welcome lights of Dunkeld, like glittering stars, waved a cheerful welcome to us. We soon reached our abiding-place, and were really none the worse for the drenching rain which overtook us.

The next day it seemed as though old Time took a dance in that intoxicating atmosphere, and whirled the hours over our heads so fast that they counted as but minutes in passing. As we descended the mountain side, although some of our minarets of yesterday were to-day but shapeless scarred trunks, we rejoiced in the various colors the bright sun painted upon the landscape. Then the shadows lengthened, became dark blue and deeper purple, while the rocks were a cold pearly gray, and all too soon we found ourselves again in Melbourne.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Maidens like moths are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might despair.”
BYRON.

WE are all in Lady Byerly's sitting-room, feeling wearied after our days of pleasure, when we hear the sound of voices outside, and immediately Mrs. Randolph Courtney sails in with a stately air.

“ Ah! Cousin Cora,” she said to Lady Byerly, “ I know the tricks of these wretched servants; they never will take the trouble to visit the room and ascertain whether your friends are receiving or not, but lounge around out of sight, and return with this word: ‘ The ladies are not at home.’ I was determined not to be cheated out of seeing you, so I enter, as you see, unannounced.”

After my brother and I had been presented in due form, Mrs. Courtney very cordially invited us to join the Byerlys and Brownells at an informal dinner at her place the next day but one, which invitation we gladly accepted; her annual ball occurring on the following

night, the Byerlys will remain with her until after that event.

Mrs. Courtney then began to expatiate upon the many and varied excellences of Melbourne, where she always passes her winters, although her summer residence is in the neighborhood of St. Kilda. In rather a pompous style, she said to Sir Edward :

“ Do let me ask you about the thousand and one things I desire to know in regard to friends at home, for they seem to have abandoned epistolary correspondence, and I shall never hear in any other way.”

Then followed a series of questions and answers, until she arose, saying : “ I certainly have paid you an unconscionably long visit, and have quite forgotten that we start to-morrow at six, before the sun is high, to drive to St. Kilda.”

She would not entertain the idea for an instant of allowing Sir Edward to accompany her home, as her carriage awaited her, and her maid was also there ; therefore, Sir Edward saw her drive off in safety, and we all retired.

The next day proved intensely hot, and we were glad to avoid the sultry air and showers of dust by remaining at home and writing letters. Then we were ready to start, in the cool of the following morning, for our drive to St. Kilda. We all enjoyed the motion of the

excellent carriage, and reached that pretty seaside resort without any thing of special interest occurring. There we found comfortable little yachts to hire, and went out as soon as possible for a sail upon the blue waters of Hobson's Bay. We were a merry party, anon breaking out into snatches of song to the rhythm of the waves, while echoes caught the joyous sounds and spread them through the cliffs around.

Just then Sutherland called our attention to the singular aspect of the sky. There was a path of bright light in front of a mourning band of intense black, beyond that a streak of lurid flame, the whole casting such remarkable shadows that an unusually beautiful exhibition of fantastic cloud-effects dawned upon our view. There were perhaps twelve silvery sails, and others, gold-tinged, dotting the bay. One was white, with dark topsails, while most beautiful of all was the ship of innocence, as we styled it, entirely white, with gay fluttering pennants, floating merrily along, while its double was seen in the water beneath. One ship of gloomy color made us shudder to behold it. It, too, was inverted in the water below.

"How suggestive," said Sir Edward, "is that scene of every-day life! Some of us in the full tide of prosperity, gilded by the sun of success, borne onward unthinkingly to a happy shore. Those with the dark topsails are the ones upon

whom ill deeds have left their trail which nothing can wash away, save alone the Holy Grail."

A small cloud, though no larger than a man's hand, tapering away into soft fingers of gray, then dissolving into pearls of ether in the illimitable sky, envelops a ship with limp and stringy topsails in such a depth of gloom that she seems to resign herself to utter hopelessness. She is out of the breeze, but why not tack and manœuvre until she is again on her track? How like people whose lives are so overburdened with the dark shadows of small worries that they see nothing but woes ahead! To them encouraging signs are but danger signals in disguise. Too deep are they to be deceived by such flimsy pretexts; so they sink into a despondent condition until they really have not sufficient energy to arouse themselves to the effort of spreading their sails to catch a favoring breeze, and have but "a future before them devoid of purpose and endeavor."

We have had our faces turned homeward for some time, and just as Sir Edward finishes, our keel grates upon the beach, and indeed it is none too soon, for the rays of the sun's high noon fall vertically upon the water, which has lost its crisp freshness, its glistening, trembling translucency, and is like a pool of dull molten copper. Its lifeless surface is motionless, and

does not even look wet in the breezy sunlight, but it certainly radiates a sullen heat which envelops us in a vapory bath, making our garments feel like draperies of warm, glutinous seaweed, so limp do they hang, and yet so closely cling to us.

We return quickly to the hotel, and after a capital lunch, change of toilet, etc., we are all comfortably stowed away in Mrs. Courtney's delightfully spacious travelling carriage, which she has sent to fetch us. The four black horses are in good condition and equal to their work, so that we bowl quickly along over the fairly good roads, followed by a wagon with Lady Byerly's boxes, etc., containing the treasures of the modiste's art which are to shine upon us the following evening.

As we drive along, Sir Edward tells us how it chanced that his grandfather's younger brother settled in Australia. Being in the army, he was sent there in command of troops, and with a true British love of adventure was the first white man to make the journey overland from Botany Bay to what is now Melbourne, although that stately city was not then even in embryo. Charmed with the combination of land-and-water-scape at the hill, he purchased an enormous tract for a mere song, and proceeded to build himself a mansion thereon. He had no neighbors, and could ride a hun-

dred miles without leaving his own station ; all of what is now St. Kilda belonged to him, its water front being especially charming to him in this country of infrequent rains. He chose a site for his house which commands a fine view ; it was at that time a rocky ledge, but he succeeded in converting it into a grassy knoll by experimenting for years with different seeds, and having found at last a Cuban grass which the sun's hot rays would not burn out by the roots. The Yarra River meanders in wide sweeps and charming curves through his lands.

" Fernshaw," Sir Edward continues, " is also a portion of the old estate, and I wonder that the family were ever induced to part with it. The last time I was there I was perfectly charmed with its rare mountain and valley scenery, its gulches and dashing cascades, and oh ! such giant trees, some of them four hundred feet high ; and to add to it all, the most delicious, soft, balmy air, full of ozone and life. Indeed, I felt inclined to pitch my tent there, for all one needs is a great veranda overgrown with the broad-leafed passion-vine, having luscious purple fruit hanging in tempting profusion ; a good-sized hammock hung in its cool shadows, where one can lie and be refreshed with potent draughts from the foaming beaker, pressed down and overflowing, of nature's

balsamy pharmacopœia, while lazily swinging to the music of the bees, and indulging in the *dolce far niente* so dear to the natives of this sunny clime."

In such conversation the afternoon wore on, and we soon found ourselves entering Mrs. Courtney's extensive domain. Passing through the handsome gates, and by a pretty stone lodge festooned with vines, we continue to ascend a gentle elevation by a well-shaped gravel driveway. Myriads of infinitesimal insects scintillated among the leaves and swarmed beneath the trees; exquisite things on gauzy wings, flecked with sparkling rosy colors, poised gracefully over the half-closed flowers, as if wooing them to open wider their discs, and then swaying gently in undulating motions descended into them. They bore pollen from flower to flower with almost elfish malignity, administering to each a magic potion of mingled bitter and sweet, botanically regardless of crossing purposes and species, and caring not if they bestowed upon the children of pigmy violets the fertilizing dust of some giant shrub, causing them to rear their heads with a high and haughty air and look down condescendingly upon their lowly progenitors.

Two fine English setters, although barking sharply, bounded in a friendly way toward us. The one was especially captivating, being pure

white, with large brown eyes. There were lawn-tennis courts and beautiful rose gardens on one side of us, while on the other was a long stretch of exquisitely green grass. The Manor House, crowning the summit of the hill, seems large enough to contain a regiment of guests. It is built in the pointed Gothic style, which admits of so many delightful nooks and corners.

After a very cordial welcome from Mrs. Courtney and family, and a few pleasant minutes in the reception-room, dinner was announced. We crossed the broad hall and passed through heavy *portières* into the dining-room, where the lofty ceiling, covered with fine frescos, choice pictures upon the walls, handsome ornaments, lace curtains, and beautiful bric-a-brac, gave a most cheerful look, while we had on the south side a charming vista through the conservatory, with its rare collection of tropical plants, and fountains playing in their midst.

The table glistened with fine glass and silver, and in the centre was an *épergne* of orchids with trailing vines looped around it. Let us glance at the party surrounding the social board, beginning with the hostess, Sir Edward Byerly's cousin, Mrs. Randolph Courtney, who seems to have been made to be looked at, and is really very handsome, with

raven hair and eyes to match, clear-cut features, and rich complexion. Then, too, the accessories of the *toilette* do very much for her. That superb brocade of crushed strawberry hue, nearly smothered in old lace, fits her to perfection; her earrings are perfect head-lights, and her neck ablaze with jewels. She is a widow of large means and great independence of character, who firmly believes that her wealth and position elevate her above the codes of etiquette which govern other and less favored mortals. Upon her face there is always that bland smile of no particular significance, which one frequently observes when individuals are gifted with a small amount of brains but a high degree of self-complacency.

Eleanor, her only daughter, is a piquante, attractive girl of seventeen, who sometimes says and does eccentric things, sprightly and chatty, but a trifle too exuberant in spirits. One could not help feeling that she needed a little toning down. Mrs. Courtney has brought her up like a young prize animal, paying the greatest attention to bathing, exercise, and every thing essential to her health, so that while she is physically perfect her range of ideas is rather narrow.

Mrs. Courtney's two sons are over six feet tall and greatly inferior, both in appearance and manner, to their sister. They seem to enjoy

Giovannelli Brownell, who entertains them with accounts of her every-day life in her English home, although they evidently think it too humdrum and monotonous for a girl of her spirit.

Quite the lion of the day is the Duke of Hammerton. He is very much under the medium height, and has a large amount of superfluous adipose tissue. He seems to have enlarged in one direction only, and that is laterally. So far as looks are concerned, his face is strangely beagle-like, both in contour and expression; his head is large and flattened at the top, displaying to advantage his scanty hair parted directly in the middle; his greenish eyes are overhung with faint tufts of yellow stubble; one eyebrow is elevated as if in a state of chronic surprise, strangely at variance with his expression of immovable passivity, only to be accounted for by its struggle to retain the torturing, ever-present, one eyeglass. His nose has been cut off prematurely, either by nature's nipping process or by having made a forcible acquaintanceship with the staying qualities of a blank wall in its infancy, so injuring His Grace's aristocratic appendage that from that time to this it has declined to elongate to any perceptible degree. His florid complexion assumes at times a deeper hue; flourishing, well-brushed side-whiskers bound

his heavy chin. He walks with elbows squared at just the right angle and an "am-I-not-charming?" air.

He made a great ado as he entered the house, apparently determined that we all should be duly impressed with the consciousness of the high honor conferred upon us by his presence. He dresses in the extreme of the latest Bond-Street fashion; the tall standing collar scraping his ears was fastened under his chin with a solitaire stud, which blazed above his white cravat. He looks like an egotistical youth of perhaps twenty-five years, who believes that every damsel he meets is surely fascinated. His heaviness is intense. If chemically analyzed there would, I fear, be a strong precipitate of vanity and but a slight residuum of any thing more worthy. He speaks in a high *falsetto* key, which makes one long to put on the base pedal.

The Hon. Henry R. Knowles, companion to His Grace, seems a sensible, manly fellow, and is quite an athlete, consequently he anticipates much pleasure from Australian field-sports.

His Grace escorted Amélie Hardcastle to dinner. At first he sat gazing into vacancy in real or feigned indifference to all around, completely ignoring Amélie, but her ready mind easily suggests conversation to suit all grades of mental calibre. As he gradually unbends

and becomes mildly attentive, he involves and complicates matters by a series of yes—yes—yesses, in all the keys of the gamut. He seems positively dense to me. I cannot admire him, even at the risk of being considered very obtuse and painfully deficient in discrimination.

Amélie is conversing animatedly with His Grace; the curve of her beautiful mouth and triumphal expression of her eyes indicate a degree of pleasure which perhaps she would fain conceal. She is, apparently, so absorbed that she notices not how intently Sutherland is regarding her. If “coming events cast their shadows before,” does Sutherland this night feel a veil of gloom overhanging him, ready to descend and exclude brightness and joy from his life?

With a mischievous twinkle in his eye, Sir Edward exclaims to Mrs. Courtney: “Ah! Cousin, this is delightful. With all the delicacies surrounding us here we feel as if we had returned once more to the refinements of civilization. How pungent is the spicy perfume of those grenadilloes, and how delicious are these sherbets and creams, fare indeed to tempt an anchorite; and yet our friend, Sutherland, who sedately says nothing, partakes of it with an ascetic air, as if superior to such fleshly joys and pleasures. Something strange has ‘come o’er the spirit of his dream.’ He was carnal-minded and ravenous enough at St.

Kilda this morning to eat with a relish greasy, tough mutton served in very uninviting style."

Sutherland starts as if from a reverie. All eyes are turned upon him; he evidently feels that he has been strangely remiss. I try to relieve the awkwardness of the moment by asking His Grace how he enjoyed his recent visit to America. He replies, in what appears questionable taste considering my American predilections:

"Ah! there is really nothing worth seeing in America, save Niagara Falls, and the big trees of the Yosemite, and after all it is a long way to go to see a little water and a few big trees. Then, one meets such excessively vulgar people in travelling there, typical Americans with their disagreeable vernacular. And the wretched roads are so tiresome!"

My brother, feeling that he could not allow such remarks to pass unnoticed, lightly responded:

"Our wayside roads are not all macadam, but then, never having been conquered by the Romans, we are unable to profit (as other nations have) by the fine roads they built, and," continued he, "I never can quite understand how travellers could pick out perhaps a dozen persons from our fifty millions and hold them up to derision as 'typical Americans.' We cannot be regarded as a homogeneous race,

consequently, didactic remarks in regard to us as a people are almost impossible. What would be true, perhaps, in regard to Vermonters would be untrue in regard to Louisianians. With all varieties of climatic influences, ranging from those of the torrid to the frigid zones, and all nationalities as progenitors, there is as great a difference in the manners and customs of our people as there is between those of the German and French. I am convinced that people of wealth enjoy life the world over with very much the same round of useless diversions, but nowhere can one find more beautiful pictures of domestic bliss that you chance upon in the simple life of our villages. Are we not all too prone to judge from insufficient experience? Do not, I beg, ignore all of America's advantages."

As Harold pauses, I am thinking of Emerson's words: "Everything the individual sees about him corresponds to his state of mind," and wondering in what a snarl the Duke's mental vision was entangled that he could see nothing to please him in America.

His Grace looks at Harold in a cool, critical way, as if he wished to transfix him, and then objects with an "Ah! but you are frightfully radical!"

"If we are intensely radical," Harold answers, "why does England follow so closely in our

footsteps? Perhaps it would never dawn upon a traveller's mind that there could be social grades and distinctions in an untitled community; and yet I believe the lines of demarcation are just as closely drawn with us as in the society of the Old World. As for vernacular, why should we not have more than one? The English accent may be more rounded, full, and finished than ours, its utterance richer, and words more clearly cut, but that it is an accent so marked as almost to amount to a brogue no one who has travelled much will deny."

The Hon. Henry Knowles now interrupts with a "Right you are, Mr. Smithson, and I am glad to hear you defend your country and people. I was charmed with your free life, and would like to take a run over every year; having once had a taste of its pleasures, I shall ever long to return. Being in the Guards, I have lived a life of routine; gone to London in the season, and found it all most monotonously stupid; but in America it is all so different that, if you will pardon the expression, I felt like a young colt."

Mrs. Courtney giving the signal for retiring just then, we leave the men to discuss the question at their leisure. Our hostess in the meantime shows us her genealogical table, dear to her heart above all else, for she feels that some of the bluest blood of England flows in her

veins. She positively arises to something approaching eloquence as she tells how, in this identical spot, her grandfather, who was a *bon vivant*, and entertained in right royal style, was surprised, while sitting at dinner with guests, by the announcement that the house was on fire. "Let it burn," he said, "but our dinner must not be spoiled." He ordered the tables removed to the lawn, and there, to the roaring and crackling of the flames, he told his choicest stories and viewed the destruction of his valuables with the utmost *nonchalance*. The day was calm and the flames went straight up, not injuring the trees or shrubbery. The present house was built around the ruins of the old, of which nothing remained save the small west wing.

Mrs. Courtney is apparently overwhelmed by this one narrative effort, and we cannot succeed in interesting her in any thing further. Allowing us to amuse ourselves, she waits placidly until the men reappear. Then, as four young people from a neighboring place come in, a dance is proposed. Sutherland chancing to be near Amélie at the time immediately asks for the first dance, which is accorded, apparently with none too much pleasure. Musicians are soon summoned and they play wild melodies for us, while we adjourn to the wide veranda, and there, with the moonlight strug-

gling through the trellised vines, and dotting the floor with soft shadows, the young people whirl in the giddy maze. After the *Sir Roger de Coverly*, in which we all join, we divide up into little circles. Amélie is the centre of our group. She possesses word-art of rare ability, and sketches pictures with lifelike delineation, which stand out as vividly before the mind as if limned by the hand of a Scott or an Irving. How delightfully she interweaves her floating fancies into rich garlands, while there is a deep, far-seeing look in her liquid eyes, as though she were gazing through the gateway of fancy into the misty vista of futurity.

His Grace is startled out of his *nil admirari* code, and entering with great gusto into Amélia's entertaining humor, loses much of his affected manner. But he has not the most remote conception of intellectual hospitality in listening to the sentiments of any one else, for he constantly interrupts my brother with hostile and aggressive assertions, and seems to especially enjoy cavilling at every thing Sutherland says.

After pleasant good-night wishes, we return to St. Kilda.

CHAPTER XIV.

"All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till the silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon."

TENNYSON.

THIS is the eventful day of the season. Is not Mrs. Courtney's ball, which has long been looked forward to in eager expectation by brave lads and fair lassies, as well as by their seniors, to come off to-night? I really care but little about it, and would prefer a quiet evening at home, but as Mrs. Brownell has declined to go I have promised to chaperone Giovannelli, in order that she may have as much pleasure as possible while here.

The evening is cloudy, and it seems as though Giovannelli, who is bent upon arraying herself in all the gorgeousness that Madame Grundy and the importance of the event demand, would never be through putting the finishing touches to her toilet. My brother whiles away the time by striking impatient

chords upon the piano, when he is not restlessly striding up and down our small sitting-room.

Oh! that last half hour is too much, yet I am obliged to confess that when Giovannelli at last appears the effect is exceedingly fine, and almost repays one for the delay. Her dress, of scarlet and gold, with gold-powdered hair, is especially becoming to her rich complexion and peculiar style of beauty. She reminds me of one of our Baltimore orioles. Her quick movements, too, are almost bird-like in their vivacious grace. Judging from the looks of admiration which my brother casts upon her, he is not insensible to the fact that she has never before looked so well.

Finally we are off, and driving for some distance by the side of Hobson's Bay, where the faint flickering stars are dimly reflected in its inconstant waters, we come to the grand central entrance of the Courtney demesne, which is only used upon great state occasions, and pass at once into an avenue of stately palms. The gathering clouds are dissipated, and the moon suddenly shines out in all her splendor and, struggling through the interstices of the branches which interlace above, tinges them with a bright silvery light, which gives the scene an almost fairy-like appearance; but as the massive walls of the manor-house loom up

before us, thousands of lanterns illuminating its beautiful angles, we are reminded of a mediæval picture. On one side could be seen the substantially built west wing, overshadowed by two grand old live oaks, whose wide-spreading branches cast mystic circles upon the lawn. Whichever way one looks there is something to charm the eye and enchain the attention : bark whurleys or fac-similes of the native huts, here and there vine-clad arbors, and arches of gnarled Malacca wood, twisted and intertwined in fantastic designs. Just in front of the house, which exteriorly is palatial, is a large fountain. The splash of the water as it gushes through the fine perforations of the doubled-headed sphynx sounds cool and refreshing. It can, we understand, be turned on with such force as to play upon the house in event of fire.

We are soon ushered into the assembly room, where Mrs. Courtney, with a host of assistants, receives her guests. As I notice the tall palms waving overhead, and the richly embroidered garnet-plush *portières*, I say to myself, Mrs. Courtney has chosen her position well. Her handsome person, in rich Louis Quinze brocade, is thrown out into high relief against the dark and imposing background. Amélie stands near by, her superb arms and shoulders unveiled, and although attired with almost classic severity, shines pre-eminent for beauty and

grace, while the splendor with which she is surrounded seems but the natural attribute of her imperial air. Mrs. Courtney presents the majority of her guests to Amélie, who, as she smilingly greets them, develops in each movement some latent charm of manner or pose. A subdued exhilaration in her wondrous eyes suggests pleasure in the scene, while her patrician repose is in contrast to the suave and ready affability with which she converses. What the secret is of her subtle and undefinable attractiveness, I cannot tell. She certainly possesses a diadem of power, a stamp royal, to which men bow in ready homage. They freely admit that nature has encircled that low white brow with her choicest crown, distinguishing her above all the other fair ones of that gay and brilliant company, where the flash of diamonds is not brighter than the glancing eyes of the dashing Australian beauties.

Sutherland is extremely distinguished in appearance as he approaches Amélie and begs for as many dances as she can spare. Amélie gazes at him bewitchingly from under long lashes, and murmurs :

"You see, Sutherland, I am hostess in a sense, and am therefore obliged to suppress my inclinations in order to be as nearly ubiquitous as possible, so I have divided my dances into thirds."

Sutherland replied with *empressement* : " And how many of those thirds may I claim ? "

Amélie looks at her handsome programme an instant ; then Sutherland takes it from her and inscribes his name in several places. Just then the Duke of Hammerton approaches and claims Amélie for that waltz, but her smiles are for Sutherland as she is whirled away in His Grace's arms. The light had faded out of Sutherland's face and something seemed to stick in his throat and impede his utterance as he turned to me after a slight pause and asked me to make the circuit of the rooms with him. . . .

I have rarely seen so many rooms *en suite*, and as fire-places, mantles, and corners are all beautifully decorated with masses of rare exotics, a great variety of charming vistas open up before us. We pass on into the ball-room, and although by day it is cold, sterile, and austere, it is now simply enchanting, being flooded by a soft but brilliant light from the numerous rich chandeliers, while the walls, lined with flag-draped mirrors, reflect the large room as it seems to extend on and on, in the splendid glitter of gold and rich decorations in gorgeous repetition, until lost in the vastness of space.

Sutherland places me beside an acquaintance in one of the luxurious seats, which are ranged around, and then excuses himself. The gay dancers sweep by us in rhythmic movement,

leaving only an impression of happy eyes gleaming out from under jewel-bedecked brows, and the glowing colors of choice fabrics intermingle in an Oriental, serpentine way as they wind in and out in endless convolutions.

Australians are enamoured of rich shades and colors in dress. Vivid yellows, gay scarlets, and mossy greens are plentifully besprinkled among the softer hues of silver, pink, and cream. Some of the ladies are beflounced and befurrowed to the last degree and look as though they had passed many anxious hours on their *toilettes*.

Of course, there are many men of purely local fame, plain Mr. Jones, as well as Brown, Smith, and Johnson, but there are also representative men from all parts of the colony; men who are foremost in the history of the day; civil and military dignitaries, from the Governor, Sir Henry Loch, down to judges of the criminal courts. Lady Loch is handsomely dressed, and proves extremely affable and agreeable during the few minutes that we are able to converse with her; she is, I dare say, deservedly popular.

Giovannelli is a capital dancer and suffers no lack of partners. A little kindly appreciation has converted her from the curt, sharp girl she was into a charming woman. Sutherland is supremely happy for a time; his waltz with

Amélie to the pulsations of the glorious music of the military band, blended with the monotone of whispered converse, is bliss unalloyed. The Duke, however, is again hovering around Amélie, his breast ablaze with the superb decorations of the different orders to which he belongs, and he quite monopolizes her, to the evident disappointment of some officers resplendent in the gaudy uniform of the "Prince of Wales Victorian Cavalry Corps."

Just then Mr. Peter Lalor, a colonial celebrity, was pointed out to me, and I fear that I may have been a trifle rude, so interested was I in taking, as the children say, "a good look at him." I had heard of him through friends, and copy this summary of his eventful career from the *Australian Times and Anglo New Zealander*, of November 11, 1887.

"It will be thirty-three years ago, on the 13th of December next, since a proclamation was issued by the Government of Victoria, stating that £400 would be paid to any one furnishing such information as would lead to the apprehension of 'two persons of the names of Lalor and Black, late of Ballarat, who were accused of using certain treasonable and seditious language, and inciting men to take up arms with a view to make war against our sovereign lady, the Queen.' At the end of last September the Legislative Assembly of Victoria voted a sum of £4,000 to the first of these 'two persons,' in acknowledgment of the valuable services he has rendered to the country as the Speaker of that House. Such are the vicissitudes of life in the colonies.

"Mr. P. Lalor resigned his position as Speaker of the

Legislative Assembly on September 29th. He has been Speaker in three successive Parliaments. Mr. M. H. Davies has succeeded him."

So absorbed was I in these thoughts that I really did not hear Judge Melton speaking to me, but as I saw the people near me moving in a certain direction, the idea of refreshments dawned upon me. The floor is so highly polished that I am obliged to cling to Judge Melton's arm for support as we cross it to enter the supper-room. When the doors are thrown open I am fortunate enough to secure a corner of a sofa, where I can partake in uninterrupted comfort of the good things with which the tables are groaning. The caterer has, I suspect, outdone himself in the preparation of delicacies in the greatest variety of beautiful shapes and forms. He certainly deserves credit for his ingenuity. Even our own Delmonico could hardly have excelled him.

I notice that the majority of the people in my vicinity do full justice to the occasion, and neither am I left behind in that respect, until I chance to observe Sutherland on the outer edge of a circle of distinguished men surrounding Amélie. She distributes for a time her words and smiles alike with great impartiality. Sutherland looks at her with, I presume, his usual feeling that she is the embodiment of loveliness, when, without any particular reason or

apparent volition on his part, I notice that he closely observes the Duke of Hammerton, whose slumbrous, poppy eyes, bulging out of his head, are fastened upon Amélie with a sensual look, and absolutely shine with the lustre of excitement, their viscid surfaces glittering, while in his usually listless manner there is an appearance of devotion, which indicates something stronger than a mere passing fancy.

Amélie has her countenance well under control, and either is, or feigns to be, unconscious of the admiration which she excites. His Grace stands in a waiting attitude, and finally leans toward her with a faint smile of supplication upon his expressionless face, murmuring a few words in her ear. She flashes a significant glance in reply, as she slightly bows her head. What can it mean? I was so filled with dismay that I could not enjoy any more of the delicious jellies and ices—or else I had already enough, for they suddenly became distasteful to me.

There is a certain upheaving of the chest, as if Amélie's heart had been unduly accelerated, and a slight quivering of her full lips, which indicate a spirit not quite at rest. The very manner of her salutation, as Sir Henry Loch now approaches, seems changed. Neither is the accidental element wanting, because as she makes a profound bow her tulle overdress

catches in the Duke's Order of the Garter and holds her prisoner an instant ; unlike her usual self, she does not seem to have the words at her command to make a joke of the incident ; on the contrary, her face really blanches, as with trembling fingers she strives to disentangle her dress, and only succeeds in wrenching it loose at last as His Grace whispers : " You have at least left one of your butterflies as a hostage."

Does not Suspicion, with her serpent voice, for the first time sound in Sutherland's ear ? Is he aroused to a vague apprehensiveness lest Amélie may contemplate an act of treachery to him ? Judging from the fierce expression his face assumed he is tormented by the demon of jealousy, but it passes away almost instantly, and is succeeded by a softly trustful look, as though he had spurned from him the thought that Amélie *could* prove untrue.

I feel too perturbed in mind to return to the ballroom at once, and so I wander off into the large art-gallery, where there are comparatively few people. The walls, covered with dark red, ebony dado and fretted gold-work frieze, make the pictures stand out so clearly that it seems to me wonderfully well arranged. There are but few paintings by old masters, the majority belonging to the modern French school ; but they were hung by an artist's hand, so that the

colors contrast finely in the alternately large and small canvases, and the effect is really charming. The luxuriously upholstered chairs woo my heavy limbs to rest, and I sink into one, eye and mind charmed by the beauties around me, until gradually I fall into a dreamy state, between sleeping and waking, just before Turner's "Castle of Indolence."

"No, I was not asleep," I said to Giovannelli, who suddenly appears before me with mischief in her laughing eyes; "I certainly was not asleep. I was only half closing my eyes, the better to count the plains between the hills in that picture of Turner's."

After a few pleasant words of farewell to hostess and other friends, we start on our homeward drive. Just as we pass beyond the bounds of the sounds of revelry and mirth, while the light of the lanterns still gleams among the trees, after discussing the pleasures of the evening in terms of unqualified praise, Giovannelli straightens herself up in the carriage, and says, with very marked and decided emphasis:

"The supple bow, if bent too far, will snap at last. I certainly hope that Sutherland will see through that Amélie Hardcastle some day. She is just as hollow as the looking-glass balls that the noble Engadiners rejoice to put in their fountains to be tossed up by the water

and reflect its hues, and she dazzles you as they do when you look at them in the sunshine. I must say, though, that she takes no pains to conceal from Sutherland her varying moods. He has had to bear the weight of her displeasure more than once, and to feel the sting of her caustic words. That he *does* feel them, one can see by the shadows which flit across his face. Just when he is most annoyed, she turns around and again condescendingly accepts his unvarying kindnesses, although she never notices the reproachful look in his tender eyes.

"I cannot quite fathom," she continues, "the present condition of affairs. There certainly is some sort of an understanding between them, and yet, just when one thinks it all arranged, and it seems as if one could hear the marriage bells ringing, and see the procession moving up the aisle amid the shimmer of satin and the perfume of orange blossoms, the drama before us becomes more than ever complicated by Amélie's mysterious actions with His Grace. You may be sure, though, in whatever character she may appear, she will always play a winning part. Her coquetries are to me perfectly unendurable. The secret springs of her nature are too intricate for me to unwind, but first and last she has them under marvellous control, simply because she has no emotions to be touched by

tender pity for the poor requital she makes for the wealth of love lavished upon her heartless self."

Giovannelli begins to twist her fingers nervously in the excitement of exposition.

"As for theological leanings, she has none. You should have seen her last Sunday in church. While Sutherland's attitude was most devout, she never once bowed her head or knee in prayer, but sat bolt upright, as if she had swallowed a ramrod, while her eyes roamed over the whole congregation."

"But, Giovannelli," I said, reproachingly, "what were you doing all this time?"

"Oh! that is quite a different thing," she retorts; "I have long ago put all religion behind me, and make no pretence of going to church for any thing save to hear the music and see the people."

I consider Giovannelli too vehement a partisan, as girls are apt to be when criticising one another. I am disinclined to pursue the subject further, for I have no words of defence at my command at all adequate to check the flow of her voluble attack. Neither do I care to listen to sweeping condemnations of Amélie's conduct without understanding her side of the question. I therefore have recourse to utter silence, which is certainly a safe refuge when an argument becomes too warm, for the flame of

vituperation is sure to expire under such an extinguisher.

Long before we reach our hotel the breach between us is healed, and Giovannelli is as pleasant as a May morning, without a trace of the wave of anger which has swept across her handsome face, disfiguring it for the time, as the tempest does the flowing river when it stirs up its muddy depths.

CHAPTER XV.

" I must not say that she was true,
Yet let me say that she was fair,
And they, that lovely face who view,
They should not ask if truth be there."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WE arose late the following morning, and were quite satisfied with a French breakfast of coffee and rolls. I thought over the events of the past few days; and it certainly seemed as if the society of Melbourne were falsely based. Perhaps I take a pessimistic view of it, but many of the people who have here risen to the top in the revolutions of fortune's wheel are too ignorant to comprehend that there can be any difference between man and man, save in the magnitude of one's bank account and the possession, inherited or acquired, of fine property. The ungrammatical construction of the loud-spoken sentences of some of the leading magnates is quite as noticeable here, as that of millionaires with chaotic Queen's English in other parts of the world. Then, what an unerring thermometer is the voice! It rarely misleads one, so quickly can one detect in its

intonations the ring of the true metal, refined in very infancy in the cradle of good-breeding, or the alloy of coarse early associations, never to be obliterated! Even if tempered by luxury in later years, the vulgar ring remains.

Sir Edward and Lady Byerly, with Sutherland and Amélie, returned about one o'clock, but I did not see them until much later, as I had started out to indulge in the womanly delight of shopping. Melbourne is undoubtedly the best Australian market in which to purchase opossum and other fur rugs. We were very fortunate in getting two large and fine gray opossum rugs for about £6 apiece. It is wise to get the unlined ones, as then it can easily be seen whether the skins are soft and thoroughly tanned, and whether the animals have been trapped instead of riddled with shot. The Tasmanian black opossum rugs are beautiful, but it is difficult to procure the genuine article, and the skin of the dyed ones is so tender that it tears upon the first usage. The "swag men," as they are called here, who wander from place to place, carrying all their worldly possessions in a pack on their backs, always have opossum rugs. They serve for bed and blanket. The "sundowners" are less provident.

As we are sitting alone after dinner, Giovannelli rushes in and begs us to go to Lady Byerly's rooms to see the collection of curios

which Sutherland has presented to Amélie. We cross the hall, and as we enter Lady Byerly's sitting-room, where there is quite a family party, Giovannelli excitedly seizes an Eastern-looking object, which proves to be the mantle of a Nautch girl, and, wrapping it picturesquely around her, whirls on one foot like a dervish; then grasping a carved ivory ball with a straight handle, she says:

"Sutherland calls this a praying-machine, but it looks more like a top."

Unrolling from inside a printed prayer, she fastens it around the outside, and, holding it aloft, bends low to the ground, as if to some imaginary shrine. One could imagine her a devout Buddhist gifted with almost impish beauty.

We are much interested in specimens of the oldest carved rock, and examine with microscopic minuteness the cuneiform inscriptions upon them. Is it not marvellous that finite minds should have been able, without clue or key, to decipher these anaglyphs with their supernumerary letters? Arrows straight up, turned to the right, left, or down, seem unmeaning, and yet they are now well understood by the erudite few.

Sutherland has made a raid upon the cabinet of a Melbourne archæologist who had enjoyed unusual facilities for unearthing choice won-

ders. I notice that the majority of things have been chosen with the view of pleasing a feminine mind. There are rare old carved ivory hand-screens, ornamented with gold and red amber; fine enamelled miniatures; china *bon-bonnières* encrusted with precious stones; dainty carved ivory miniature figures of every creature known and unknown to the civilized world, and as for the *vinaigrettes*, they are of every shape and form, of gold, silver, and bronze, of imperial white jade, with raised cameo carving, and all more or less decorated by celebrated artists. There are idols, too, of marvellous execution, attractive in spite of their hideousness. But the loveliest of all are the antique fans and bangles.

I congratulate Sutherland upon the exquisite taste displayed in his selections. He quietly responds: "Oh, it is a very easy matter to pick up quaint and rare bits of bric-a-brac here. Many people from the Orient, from the Celestial Kingdom, from all parts of the world, come here expecting to become possessors of fortunes at once. They fetch all their household gods with them, and meeting with ill success are obliged to part with their cherished possessions, always expecting, of course, to redeem them, which they rarely do, so that the Melbourne pawnshops yield prolific returns to those who haunt them." Then

turning to Amélie he continues in a scarcely audible undertone: "Haunt them I would, from early dawn, if I could thereby secure any thing fit to lay at your feet. Treasure-trove always sends a rush of joy to my beating heart as I think in anticipation of your smile——"

"Thank you," replied Amélie, with an air of coldness, "but pray do not exert yourself for what is so little worth——"

Sutherland interrupts in all earnestness, and glowing with love—"Dearer than all else to me, for without your smiles life would be dreary indeed."

Amélie carelessly strikes a few chords upon the harp, near which she is sitting. This causes a diversion, and we beg for some music. She immediately complies, and is fairly radiant, as in her best voice, in all its fulness and strength, she warbles forth the glorious strains of Rubenstein's "Water Nymph." Charmed with the lovely cadences of her voice, I arise silently and retire from the room. I do not feel satisfied with the present condition of affairs, for a cloud seems to have drifted between Amélie and Sutherland. This, unfortunately, will be their last evening together for some time to come, as Sutherland will sail for Sydney with us to-morrow, in order to look after some important business for an English client, while Amélie remains to visit Mrs. Courtney.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Ours are the days of fact, not fable,
Of Knights, but not of the Round Table."

HALLECK.

THE Byerlys and Amélie are at the door waving salutations as we drive off. They think they will not accompany us to the ship, as adieux are always so unpleasant. Sutherland appears more unhappy than the occasion requires. There is an unnatural glitter in his eyes, and an almost statuesquely severe repose of manner; but he attends to the luggage, etc., even while absorbed apparently in other thoughts. I see but little of him on shipboard.

A large party of mathematically tattooed Maories are very interesting. Some of them have blue squares within squares on their chins, while triangles adorn their cheeks. Although attired in their native flax mats they have dignified manners, and carry their feather-bedecked heads with a high and haughty air. They express their sentiments intelligently and often poetically. We are impressed by their vigorous activity of mind and ready comprehension. They are a superior race of men. The women perform all the manual labor. The sides of the Maori houses are made of bul-

rushes woven and plaited together in curious designs. The pillars and supports are of handsomely carved wood. The exquisite carving on the interior of the Maori court-houses is especially noteworthy, and even more so are some of their points of law. A case was tried in the Thermal Springs district, Rotoma township, while my friends were there. Two men claimed certain property. They argued the question between themselves. One said: "That land belonged to my great-great-grandfather, and is therefore mine." The other replied: "The land did undoubtedly belong to your great-great-grandfather; but my great-great-grandfather ate your great-great-grandfather, and therefore the land is mine." The court decided in favor of the last speaker, in accordance with the laws, which are still adhered to, that, if one man devours another, the property of the man who was eaten is inherited by the eater.

It is not unusual for the mercury to vary sixty degrees in twelve hours in Melbourne, and indeed throughout Australia. For variability the Australian climate will take the palm from any country in the world. I had always supposed that for rough and sudden changes our climate excelled all others, but it is not to be compared with Australia in that respect. When we look at the map we see that there are no natural barriers to prevent the clear sweep of wind straight from the Antarctic

Ocean ; nor does any thing mitigate the fiery northers, which owe their birth to the sandy deserts in North Australia, lying directly in the Tropic of Capricorn. The few mountain ranges of Australia extend from north to south. There is, of course, a difference in the climate of the various colonies. South Australia is exceedingly dry, and suffers greatly from the hot waves which come down from the north with burning intensity. Fortunately, they are not of long duration. Even in a South Australian summer there are many days when a bright fire is very acceptable. Victoria is humid. New South Wales is still more so. At Katoomba, at Mt. Victoria, and at other places in the Blue Mountains, when one opens a window in the morning the mist seems dense enough to cut, and comes pouring in like a London fog. The ladies tell me they can rarely walk out more than an hour a day in winter on account of the dampness. They rely upon these heavy dew-falls for water. Queensland rejoices in a genuinely tropical climate.

Australia, so famed for its healthfulness, is, I fear, no more exempt from consumption, fevers, etc., than other less vaunted climes. Dr. Gardiner, an eminent physician in Adelaide, says that consumption is rife there and in Victoria, while in the Blue Mountains there are many invalids with most harrowing coughs. I quite agree with *Jonas and Pomona* in "Rudder Grange." They

took a "disease-map of the country, looked it over carefully, and found that where they did not have chills they had something that seemed a good deal worse."

Racing is the passion and pastime of Australians. Nearly every small village has its race-course. The Melbourne Cup is the great event of the year. It takes place early in November. The trains for a week in advance are crowded with people from all directions. The Houses of Parliament in all the colonies are forsaken, the members going to the races. The Sidney Easter races are the most important in New South Wales, but they are not as fashionable as the Melbourne Cup. The Onkaparinga races are thronged. They are regarded as the Derby of South Australia.

In forty-eight hours after leaving Melbourne we found ourselves in the beautiful harbor of Sidney. It may be well styled land-locked. We sailed through a narrow inlet, and in a few minutes the channel had quite disappeared, and it was most puzzling to know where we had entered. We were apparently shut in by the well-wooded shores, thickly dotted for miles around with the superb residences of Sidneyites.

Soon a health officer boarded our ship, and his proceedings were comic. After being duly presented with a full list of the passengers, he slowly and with a sonorous voice called out "John Smith," and so on. As each name was

shouted the individual was required to step in front of the doctor, who eyed him suspiciously from top to toe, and then allowed him to pass.

We enjoyed the sail up the harbor very much, for it is not only one of the most attractive in the world, but what is of greater practical importance, one of the finest for maritime purposes. The water being deep close up to the shores, it seems as if the navies of the world could ride at anchor here. There were many ships with flags of all nations flying, prominent among them being the English man-o'-war *Nelson*, which is stationed here.

Immediately upon landing at Circular Quay we were driven rapidly to Petty's Hotel on Church Street. It has a fine site on top of a beautiful hill, but is more suggestive of antiquity than any thing I have yet seen in this new country. The dust of ages reposes quietly upon every available space undisturbed by rude contact with brush or broom. Not a cornice or a crevice has been neglected by this bountiful visitant. The rooms, although large and rather showily furnished, are frightful to sleep in, being always well guarded by a multitude of objectionable inhabitants. Nothing but burning the whole structure down, and building a new one, could render Petty's a desirable residence for any person but an enthusiastic entomologist.

Sydney, owing to its situation upon the har-

bor with Paramatta River on the other side, is decidedly damp, and the climate is trying to delicate people. We adjourned to the broad veranda at Petty's for our after-dinner coffee. In a few minutes my dress was so wet that the moisture could have been wrung out of it, although it was a clear, starlight night.

We are enchanted with our first view of Sydney, and duly impressed with its delightful location, and stately houses built of beautifully colored Hawkesbury sand-stone. In walking along George Street I, for the first time since I have been in Australia, realized that I was in a land which had been originally peopled by involuntary emigrants. Indeed, the majority of the motley crowd of men whom one meets look as though they might be escaped convicts, and the thought of encountering them at gloomy nightfall in a dingy, crooked street, makes one shudder. One cannot be too careful in regard to speaking of convicts, for the people here have an inordinate sensitiveness on the subject, and this spreads out for yards around them on every side, so that sooner or later one is sure to tread upon it. It is painful to learn that the majority of people in society to-day have the convict taint in their veins, or else are connected by marriage with those who have. There are, of course, but few of the original convicts left, for the colony was relieved of penal transporta-

tion in 1840. After that, only political offenders, called exiles, were received. It is now rather difficult to ascertain who the convicts were, as all the records of New South Wales were burnt by order of the court. Yet there are always people to whom the offences of their neighbors are very grievous, and they are willing to reveal their antecedents.

Of course, we must always remember that years ago slight offences were punished with great severity. Misdemeanors, which to-day would be passed over with a fine, formerly were sufficient to have a man transported for life. Members of the Australian Parliament very frequently throw it up to one another in the House that they, or their fathers, were sent out at the expense of the government. A member at one time proposed that a census of the House be taken to see how many were free from the convict taint, but the motion created a great uproar and was voted down.

St. James' Church was built by convict labor, and the descendants of many of the men who built it now drive by in their handsome equipages. We met one of the descendants of the notorious "Bill Long," who, it is said, was actually twice sentenced to be hanged, but managed to escape both times. Another eminent and clever man is called the son of "Tambourine Sall," and so it goes. All are cordially re-

ceived in the best Sydney society. With an income of £20,000 to £30,000 it matters little who your ancestors were.

The Chinese quarter, in George Street, is interesting. The comically grave and prematurely old children watched us most intently with their almond-shaped eyes, as if fearing that we might have intentions upon their weak little pigtails or curious attire.

Land seems to fetch fabulous prices. I heard of a corner frontage (vacant) in the business part of the city fetching £1,300 the running foot, one hundred feet deep. The city can only extend south, unless it spans the bay, and this it is not yet ready to do. If it goes south it moves away from its present centre.

Sydney may boast legitimately of its botanical gardens, with their luxuriant arboreal vegetation. Trees transplanted from all parts of the world thrive to perfection here, where they never have to contend with extremely cold weather. The situation of the garden is one of surpassing loveliness. Beautiful avenues lead direct to the water's edge, where one can sit and view the busy ships, or the quiet islands of the harbor. Parterres of gay flowers map out attractive promenades, which were unusually beautiful the first day we visited them, with a soft summery haze hanging over them, and frequented by throngs of well-dressed peo-

ple, for it was a holiday. Remarkably attractive as the gardens undoubtedly are, one appreciates what man has done for them when told that what is now the greenest and most extensive part was, only a quarter of a century ago, nothing but escarpments of bare rock. Soil has been carted at great expense and covered over the rocks, and a little paradise has been created by the landscape gardener's art.

We have seen but little of Sutherland lately. His own friends monopolize him, I dare say. We, too, have been occupied making excursions into the charming environs of Sydney. Yesterday we went to Paramatta, and to-morrow we leave Sydney without a shadow of regret, for the hotel accommodations are simply intolerable.

CHAPTER XVII.

" You should have seen that long hill-range
With gaps of brightness riven,—
How through each pass and hollow streamed
The purpling lights of heaven."

WHITTIER.

WE are aroused at a very early hour, and after a cup of coffee we take a long drive to the railway station at the farther end of town. The morning air was fresh and bracing, and we found the trip to the Blue Mountains over the famous zigzag railway a very delightful one. Would that I had the gift of a ready pen to spread out before you in a word-picture the panorama which lay like a poem at our feet as we wound along in sharp curves up the steep mountain side. The mist in the valley below us looked like a silver sea, the mountain crests peeping out here and there like islands, dotting it with vivid greens and blues. After a while the silvery mass gradually lifted, just as if some invisible hand were pulling fairy cords, causing it to roll up in soft flutings. The golden light coming through rifts here and there glorified the rocks and trees, while violet

clouds, with peachblow edges, were reflected in the clear waters of the Nepean River. Its highly cultivated banks are neither rugged nor grand, but quiet, beautiful nature toned down and refined by the hand of man ; there are no surprises, but an exquisite and expansive view. There are acres of flourishing orange trees with plenty of green and some ripe fruit upon them. All the orangeries are covered with wire netting on top of the trees, reaching across from pole to pole, to preserve the fruit from flying foxes, which are not in reality foxes, but enormous fruit-eating bats.

The Australian alluvial soil of the river-bottoms is very rich ; but in most places inland, if you stick a spade four or five inches into the ground, you strike the rock. It seems strange to see tall trees, bearing clusters of beautiful flowers, growing on the top of rocks with the thinnest possible stratum of soil. One hears of a great deal of made land ; that is, with infinite pains, leaves and rubbish are gathered and spread over rocks, and this, when decomposed, makes good ground. The Roman grass, lucerne, is one of the chief crops in this vicinity. It is made into hay, and can be gathered four times a year. There are always two yearly crops off any land, for instance one of barley and one of Indian corn. From six to eight bushels of wheat is the average yield all over the colo-

nies, but river-bottoms sometimes yield a hundred bushels to the acre. With the exception of these oases, almost everywhere one sees a hard-baked, poor, clay soil, that reminds one of South Carolina. It is astonishing that it can be cultivated profitably. Part of the time we were winding around a narrow ledge, with a precipitate drop in front of a thousand feet to a wide green basin, and sloping on the other side to an extended plateau. Looking down, the view reminded one somewhat of the Maloja Alpine Pass, near Castagna, although instead of the grape-encircled chestnut trees there were black-wood trees with the passion vine, whose ripe fruit bent gracefully on their slender stems, until they kissed the clustering leaves, and reflected a light like the mantling blush on a maiden's cheek.

After a pleasant ride of four hours through picturesque and romantic scenery, the vegetation being unusually fresh and green for an Australian summer, we reached the pretty little station of Katoomba. The station-master's tiny little house, just beyond, is embowered in vines. Our objective point, the Great Western Hotel, is almost within a stone's throw. The hotel is happily located on a high knoll, overlooking a peaceful valley, or basin. From the front veranda the view is enchanting ; the crests of four or five tiers, or chains, of

thickly wooded hills, stretching miles away in the foreground. A bit of inclosed green sward, with a drop of fifteen or twenty feet, and various crescent-shaped flower-beds, containing chiefly geraniums and rose bushes, constitute the ground in front of the hotel, while in the rear is an uneven tennis-court, and quite an imposing billiard-hall. The merry sound of balls knocking together gives indication that the latter, at least, is appreciated. The rooms of the Great Western are large and exquisitely neat, the beds are good, and every thing thoroughly comfortable, although the table-fare is none of the best. Charming as the view from the windows is, embracing the worthily renowned Blue Mountain chain, one cannot live upon scenery alone.

The "squatocracy," which is really the aristocracy of Australia, is well represented here. The squatters are men who have bought government lands and have large sheep or cattle stations. They make enormous profits in good years, but in some seasons lose as many as eighty or one hundred thousand head from drought.

A pleasant old gentleman told his experience this evening. He was one of the earliest settlers on the Darling River, and had to send a dray three hundred miles for provisions, but now he considers it *very* convenient, as the

river is navigable, and steamboats come up there, though sometimes they get stuck and have to wait six, nine, and even twelve months for high water to carry them down. This hardly agrees with the American idea of a navigable river.

There is here a charming lady, whose home is at Patterson, on the Hunter River. She came out in 1839, her father being appointed chaplain. In those days they could only procure convict servants, and these invariably imposed upon them. One woman stole shamefully from them, and disposed of the booty to a butcher, who was also a convict. The maid would go to the lady's father and say: "I want a pass, sir."—"What for?"—"To go out, to be sure." He would give it to her in the most polite way, and then, with her master's pass, she would have a holiday outing. These people were, however, always under police surveillance, and finally she was arrested by a constable, who discovered that she was disposing of her master's property. After a few years Irish and English servants began to come out, and it was very diverting to hear the indignant comments of the jail-birds. They exclaimed: "These people, of no character, come out here and take the bread from honest folkses mouths."

Australian women travel but little. One at

the hotel table to-day, evidently unaccustomed to such surroundings, and very much flustered, yet desiring to show how perfectly at home she felt, proceeded to call the proprietor and gave him a long order. He said, with dignity: "I don't take any orders, Ma'am. I will send you a servant." She was so disconcerted that when the waiter came she was willing to take any thing he chose to bring her. After he had gone for her dinner she leaned across the table and said to a lady opposite: "Do you suppose I could have any thing hot if I were to ask for it, say, a cup of tea, or such like?" Overcome with this effort she mopped her face all over with her napkin, and if she had washed it with soap and water, it could not have shone brighter.

It is refreshing to meet some of the mountaineers near here. They are simple folk, unlearned in the knowledge which is splintered up into lexicons; they often mispronounce words, and yet their diction is astonishingly good. They amaze one with their clear, and often eloquent descriptions of surrounding objects. Calm-eyed and deliberate they look you in the face, questioning your views, and expressing theirs with perfect self-possession. The youngest child who is able to talk can tell at a glance the harmless lizard, of which one may make a pet, from the brilliant-hued scorpion, bringing death to the handler.

Hearts of gold beat beneath the homespun robes of the sturdy mountaineers. To them the most natural feeling is one of kindly interest in their fellow-men, which they manifest in a homely but whole-souled way. They have passed their lives breathing the pure, crisp mountain air, and, secluded in their isolated corners, are uncontaminated by intercourse with the selfish world at large. One meets with little touches of nature here and there that are pathetic. Is the rustic, who has lived so near mother earth under the broad panoply of heaven, to be despised, forsooth, because clad in garb of uncouth fashion? Is not the truest originality, although perchance in quaint forms, among those who have drunk deep from nature's unsullied fount, and who have found inspiration in her enlightening waters?

The bushmen are of all in Australia the keenest observers. Indeed, there seemed to be almost no observers in cities. The city dust fills the eyes, and city walls confine the vision within narrow limits. City men give us a gradation of words, fine words, too often nothing but words. Perchance they may strike upon an occasional idea, but it is so swaddled in its elaborate clothes of prolix sentences that the poor weakling is still-born and never "opes its eyes upon this world of care." They seem very unobservant and can tell you but little

about their own country. If you ask the names of trees or shrubs, the answer will be, "Oh, they are very common."—"But what are they?"—"I don't know; there are heaps of them about here; they are very common."

A city man's idea of distance is most vague. For instance, if you are told that a certain house is "right across the street," you will find that that means two or three blocks' distance, and "next door" signifies any thing between that and a couple of hundred doors away.

Mrs. Brownell lives and breathes in one long-continued botanical ecstasy, verging upon frenzy, when she thinks she spies an unknown specimen in some nook inaccessible to human footsteps. She risks her neck most recklessly in climbing slippery promontories hitherto untrod by man; and how eloquent she has become! I have heard more of late of proto-plasms and chlorophyl than ever before in my life. Indeed, no one receives the slightest attention from her unless she or he becomes enthusiastic over the waxy-green foliage of the blue-gum tree. With its gray trunk overgrown with clinging vines, and intermingled in an efflorescent mass with those monarchs of the Australian forests, the fern trees, who raise their tufted heads so high, and gracefully nod and rustle, as if saying "We see many things of beauty which are hidden from you tiny creatures."

This plateau is now in the height of its loveliness. We have just had a refreshing shower, which the thirsty earth gratefully absorbs and returns thanks therefor by filling the air with delicious woodsy odors. The slender younglings of the eucalypti, with their feathery foliage swaying in the gentle breeze on the near-by foot-hills, contrast charmingly with the dark green of the pines higher up on the mountain side; and the slight, rippling brooklet, sparkling in the sunlight as it flows through the ravine beneath us, bubbles and gurgles with the joy of meandering over its bed of glittering diamonds. What boots it to us if its wondrous treasures when gathered are but bits of shining quartz?

CHAPTER XVIII.

"We were apart; yet day by day,
I bade my heart more constant be.
I bade it keep the world away,
And grow a home for only thee.
Nor feared but thy love likewise grew,
Like mine, each day more tried, more true."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE many delightful short excursions that one can make from Katoomba is an especially attractive feature of this mountain resort.

When the first bright blushes in the horizon gleam athwart our windows, we quietly leave our rooms. The song of the birds, and the gentle kisses of the still young sun gradually arouse the sleeping earth, while we start upon our trip to Wentworth Falls. As we drive off, the ground around glows with so many delicate wild-flowers, half concealed in exquisite ferns and grasses, that with the profusion of buffs, mandarin yellows, carmines, and mauves, overhung with rich browns and greens, one feels as if in a new world of light and color. This the humidity of the atmosphere tones down so that distant objects appear as though veiled in folds of diaphanous

lace, giving an ethereal air to every thing it surrounds; and the whole tinged with a singular primrose hue reflected from the sky, or else from the gorgeous butterflies which flit across our path in countless numbers.

Passing the shale quarry we see workmen already straining every nerve as they push the little hand-cars full of refuse to the end of the track, and dump it over the mound. On we go, among banksias and grass trees, and are more than ever impressed with the wonderful colloquial powers of the parrots and crows; so *noisily* do they chatter that we can barely hear our advance guard shout "Here *are* the falls."

We immediately approach a mossy crag, and mounting to its highest point, behold the rainbow spray spanning to the escarpment beyond. Beneath it the crystalline water falls into a beautiful sedge-begirt basin; beyond are rugged mounds, upheaved in fantastic forms of pedestals and statues. Down on the lowest level is a rich and fertile plain, through which flows, in winding curves, a gentle brooklet, hastening to a busier bourne. But nothing more beautiful will captivate its wandering fancy, for by its side are banks of wild, feathery pinks artistically set against a bushy background of lovely ferns in varied groupings, which in turn are overhung by acacia blooms, the successive colorings, as they are flooded

with a soft radiance, being sumptuous in the extreme. The dew-drops sparkle their brightest, and it seems as though the fairies had opened their jewel-boxes and scattered abroad their possessions, which the wide-open discs of the flowers grasp, and wear right royally on their breasts.

Here and there arise colossal statues, as if designed by some Titan artist for Caryatides to support the vaulted dome of heaven. Then there are arches, hollowed out in delicate forms, which produce an effect so ethereal that they seem utterly lacking in stability and unable to support their wealth of floral decorations and graceful vines, which stretch out their clinging tendrils in encircling lines.


The irregular shadows cast upon the fitful waters seem to lose themselves in deep abysses; while a multitude of cheerful insects dart to and fro through the open spaces on glittering wings, and weave as it were a luminous web which no Gobelin shuttle could transcend. It fuses all in a mysterious union; it expands in our mind's eye, until we feel as if gazing into infinitude. A ravishing spectacle of that kind one rarely beholds; and even as we observe it, a gathering vapor slowly descends and obscures the scene. But the impression will ever abide with us as one that satisfied our hearts, and exalted our natures.

We all seem to have slipped into a dreamy quietude. There is no sign of human life, nothing to indicate that this perfect spot had ever before been visited by man, and yet it is a fitting place upon which to rear palace walls. In the never-ending prospect before us we can almost see basilicas, minarets, and cathedrals, while the birds busily flitting from point to point are, in our mental vision, transformed into pious pilgrims carrying votive offerings to their patron saints. So sympathetically do the trees chime in with their solemn chant, that we feel as if they were sentient beings masquerading under a grand and stately guise.

At our feet are small circles, well defined in the clayey soil. One of these opens upward suddenly, and out springs a large spider, who begins to weave a gossamer veil. We dig up some of these spider mines. Well built they are indeed, the trap-door opening like the shell of a bivalve.

Mrs. Brownell now ejaculates, in a solemn, half-soliloquizing tone: "Yonder lovely arches are no indestructible monuments of triumph. Perhaps already the gnawing worm is secretly and silently hastening the annihilation of their exquisite proportions."

With this melancholy peroration, we retrace our steps toward the Great Western. As we are going in to dinner we are surprised and



pleased by the arrival of Sutherland Pelham-Gower, although I am shocked by the change in his appearance. Sitting next me at table, he seemed entirely indifferent to his surroundings, which contrasted forcibly with his usual active interest in every thing pertaining to his friends. After dinner he asked me to take a walk with him, and we naturally turned our steps toward the woods. Never before had they seemed so depressing; the dead and dying eucalypti with branches extended looked like gray, ashen ghosts in supplication, while every rustling sound struck me as if full of ominous import. I waited for Sutherland to speak, but at last the silence became so oppressive that I almost shouted: "Pray tell me what is the matter?" In reply he handed me the following letters:

SYDNEY, April Second.

MY DARLING AMÉLIE :

I do not know how to write to you, nor what to say or think of your brief letter of yesterday—only one poor stunted page after a five days' silence. Oh, darling, my fondly-loved, peerless bride, my heart is so hungry for you that it overflows with joy and gratitude for the unappeasing morsel when I receive a letter that is tender and demonstrative. Imagine, then, how it shrivels and shrinks when starved by your silence or fed by such a cold letter as the one last received. Are your feelings towards

me changing, Amélie? Are you losing your love for me, dearest? I sometimes think so, and when I am urged by my love to beg from you the affectionate words you used to utter, I am restrained by the maddening thought that perhaps you have none to give. If this is the case, thank God that it comes before our marriage, that it occurs in time for you to discard me and to secure your own happiness, an event I would die to obtain for you.

If you knew how uncontrollably wretched I am to-day you would not wonder at my vague distrust. Oh, my idolized darling, can you not feel how my heart yearns for you? Darling, love me, try to love me; but if you cannot, do not hesitate to say so firmly and frankly. I can bear more than you can. God grant that I am wrong and that you do love me as truly as ever; but I want it from your warm heart, not from pity for me. I cannot write any more. God bless and take care of you and insure your happiness in such way as He sees fit. Good-by, dear, fondly-loved darling. I would give any thing I possess to see you now. I cannot but believe that if we were together you would love me as much as ever.

With the most intense, fervent, and devoted love,
I am

Yours forever,
SUTHERLAND PELHAM-GOWER.

ST. KILDA, April Fifth.

DEAR SUTHERLAND:

I certainly am somewhat touched by your letter of the 2nd instant. Personally you are to me by far

the most agreeable man I have met with. When you were by my side your nobleness inspired and elevated me until I was almost exalted to your high plane. I *fancied* that I loved you, but I am at heart so indifferent to all that it is easy for me to simulate the warmth and flow of true affection, although I really did feel at times that I could be happy living with you, even in an out-of-way corner of the world. Perhaps it would be pleasant at first, but think of the boredom and *tedium vitæ* beyond ! Thoroughly impressionable and plastic as I am, my best emotions are always transitory. I am willing to follow the Scriptural principle of being "all things to all men," if only I am not required to be any one thing long. I have an especial love for magnificence ; my changeful but always materialistic nature craves the most luxurious surroundings—music all the while, flowers all the while, and in the midst of an atmosphere of admiration to receive toll as fortune's favorite from the great ones of the earth. This is indispensable to my happiness. My social ambition is unbounded, and nothing but the most complete success would ever satisfy it. I am incapable of loftier aspirations, and do not possess any great strength of character, but simply take on a local coloring from whatever chances to be nearest to me. While I am not a spiritualist, I firmly believe that I have very strong mediumistic qualities, and through these qualities your noble thoughts, with their lightest as well as deepest shades of meaning, were conveyed to me by a subtle cerebral telepathy spontaneously with

their growth in your own mind. These embryonic seeds of thought I dressed up in well chosen language, and the sentiments, which were simply the reflex of your own, passed as my high and original conceptions. These mental vibratory melodies seemed specially devised for my benefit, as they enabled me skilfully to conceal my own paucity of brains.

If it were possible for me to regard myself from an exoteric and purely impersonal point of view, I should say that I was endowed by nature with but a very small portion of love (through no fault of mine), and this portion being concentrated on self, could not be lavished without as well. I throw my smiles around promiscuously for the sake of winning friends,—airy notions which take the masculine fancy and can never compromise me. No, Sutherland, cast me from your thoughts. I am unworthy the love of your great, manly heart. I return your letters and souvenirs herewith.

Very sincerely your friend,

AMÉLIE HARDCASTLE.

P. S.—I have decided to marry His Grace the Duke of Hammerton, who lays his title and fortune at my feet.

I indignantly exclaimed as I finished the postscript: "She might better have signed herself 'faithless Amélie.' Her heart is like a bouquet of flowers in a pyrotechnic display, sending forth a shower of beautiful sparks which

burn all whom they touch. I hope she may be paid in her own coin, and—— ”

“Stop, Miss Smithson!” Sutherland interrupted; “I cannot hear you utter one word of reproach, for although I know too well the utter hopelessness of it, I love her madly, wildly still. She is woven into the very web and woof of my existence and bound to me by thousands of invisible cords; she always *will* reign supreme in my heart.”

“My dear Sutherland,” I replied, “I do not ask you to tear up your love by the roots and fling it from you, but I do beg that you will strain every nerve to turn your thoughts to other subjects. The chains which Amélie has forged around you are *not* indissoluble. You have been worshipping at the shrine of a dévotée of Mammon, and now that you see Amélie in her true character, you must.”

“Miss Smithson,” Sutherland exclaimed warmly, “I would fain distil a potion brewed from my heart’s best blood if *that* would give Amélie the wealth and power she craves. I may blame myself for not having studied her wishes with greater care, although God knows that my chief desire was to be and do whatever would best please her. It is true that she has at one blow shattered my faith in human nature, for I now see a flaw where before, viewed from all sides, her character seemed rounded,

symmetrical, and harmonious. But I worship her still. Oh! if it were but a paroxysm of pain, I could endure it bravely; but this never-ceasing, ever-gnawing anguish consumes my very being!"

As Sutherland ceased speaking, the ephemeral twilight faded away, and there fell around us a sudden gloom, only heightened by those atoms of light, the fire-flies, as they winged their lustrous way from bush to bush. In the foreground, through an opening in the trees, descended a shadowy, semi-ecclesiastic light, which converted the eucalyptus trunks into cathedral pillars, and one could almost see the aisles and transepts of a ruined cloister. It was all in keeping with the melancholy of our feelings. My mental tone was so depressed that I seemed to bear the weight of mountains on my heart, which crushed even the words of sympathy that fell from my lips. Just then the moon shone out cold and white on Sutherland's sad face; utter hopelessness seemed written in leaden type upon his brow, in attitude, in expression, in all that he said and did; it was evident that his dream of happiness had vanished.

At last he aroused himself with an effort, and turning toward me said, with something of his old cheerfulness: "Come, now, Miss Smithson, I did not mean to burden you with my

woes. I only meant to have you hear of my disappointment from myself, because you have been so unvaryingly kind, and are identified with the happiest hours of my life. I mean to travel for a time, and expect to start soon for India, thence *via* America to England."

I said: "Sutherland, words fail me to tell you how truly sorry I am for you. To travel is the best thing that you can do, and my cordial good wishes will always be with you."

Sutherland handed me a newspaper, remarking: "This will tell you why I am anxious to leave, so I must say good-by."

He escorted me to the hotel steps, and, pressing my hand warmly, said, "Good-by once more—I shall be off before you are up," and turned away. The paper proved to be the *Melbourne Star*, containing a flourishing account of the approaching marriage of Miss Hardcastle, a noted belle and beauty, to His Grace the Duke of Hammerton.

The sad termination of Sutherland's engagement quite cast a shadow of depression over us at Katoomba, and we gladly availed ourselves of Mrs. Arnold's cordial invitation to accompany her to her home on the Darling River. It is truly a charming place. The house is large enough to accommodate thirty people, exclusive of servants, and its furnishings—so severely antique in style that they

carry one back to mediæval times—would delight the soul of an æsthete. Mrs. Arnold is a woman of remarkable colloquial powers, and of fine and commanding presence, but she never appears to such advantage as when, surrounded by her large family, she presides over her house and her domains.

The station consists of one hundred and twenty thousand acres, a seemingly boundless plain, with scarcely a tree or shrub in sight. The first morning we were there, we saw the men "yard up" one thousand and nine hundred sheep and draft them out into three lots, a task which it took them about three hours to accomplish. There are fifty-two thousand sheep, and some cattle on the station.

After passing four delightful days with Mrs. Arnold we started overland for South Australia, and were pleased indeed when the long and fatiguing journey across the continent was completed. A day of rest refreshed us immensely, and we enjoyed the stroll, the next morning, through Adelaide's familiar streets, even though it were saddened by the thought of our approaching departure. In the afternoon, as we entered the train for Port Adelaide, we found it literally crowded. We knew that it was not a bank holiday, and yet, why were there such throngs of people? A dear old lady in gray answered my query by saying:

"Oh, we are all going to see the *Florence* sail. She is the fastest clipper ship afloat, and a great favorite in Adelaide." When I told her that we knew the *Florence* well, having not only made an eighty-six days' voyage in her the previous year, but were then on our way to return in her, she became immensely interested in us. She waved rapturous *adieux* to us when we weighed anchor at about three o'clock and, amid the cheers of the multitude, sailed away from the sterile but fascinating shores of South Australia.

It was very agreeable to find some of our old *Florence* passengers on board, and all eager to talk of the pleasures with which their cups have been filled, so that our topics of conversation will not soon be exhausted. Amid such surroundings as these one can always fill the measure with retrospects of our old life. The new-comers, of whom I have had but glimpses, as they occupy themselves with their domestication, seem to be chiefly Australians, and one's first impression is not altogether favorable. Taking them as a whole, they are not so personally prepossessing as the old set. The sterner sex is greatly in the preponderance among our passengers, and consequently all of the ladies may be belles in a small way. We were favored from the start with fair winds, and soon rounded the southwest cape

of Australia, viz., Cape Leeuwin, where we entered the Indian Ocean. We celebrated the occasion by being caught in the outer edge of a cyclone. We were all on deck enjoying the most perfect sunshine, when suddenly an inky band extended around the horizon. Almost in an instant storm-clouds rolled toward us with the velocity of lightning, while the sailors swarmed up the rigging. All grew black around us, and we rushed below. To render the thick darkness the more intolerable an ominous roaring filled the air. Then the fiery, pelting rain descended in such volumes that the scuppers were choked and rivers ran upon the deck. We made no headway, but were helplessly whirled four times round. All believed the final hour had come, but fortunately our royals and top-gallant sails were stowed, else we must have lost our masts. After blowing a terrific gale for about three hours it suddenly grew light, and by evening we were almost becalmed. As if to make amends for the horrors of the day, nature treated us to a lovely scene at night. In the placid water near us there was a shoal of fishes from one to three feet long, covered with phosphorus, which illuminated the sea like electricity. Then appeared, some distance off, a number of luminous porpoises, who bore down upon the small fish with open mouth and swallowed them up.

Even after they had disappeared a train of light seemed to reflect their shapes, and the water was full of phosphorescent jellies. A friend netted me a hollow, white piece of the mollusk, which resembled the finger of a glove and fitted my little finger to perfection. Never was monarch's hand so dazzling. Diamonds, sapphires, and rubies, piled on one another would have paled before the glowing brilliancy of my mermaid finger-stall, emitting its shower of many-hued light.

CHAPTER XIX.

"The May-Pole is up,
 Now give me the cup,
 I 'll drink to the garlands around it ;
 But first unto those
 Whose hands did compose
 The glory of flowers that crowned it."

HERRICK.

In the Indian Ocean.

May 1st.—There was absolutely no wind, yet the current carried us along at the rate of three knots an hour. Summer dresses were the rule under the warm cloudless sky, and nothing could have been more favorable for our May-day revels than the absence of a breeze. We covered a jury-mast with white tulle and wreathed it with garlands of artificial flowers; from the top depended dozens of streamers of varied-hued ribbon. Then the carpenter planted it firmly amidships, and there was our "May-pole." Stirring martial music announced the beginning of the festivities at 3 P.M., when a way was cleared for the procession by amateur policemen.

No. 1. First came the Master of Revels, whose worthy head was covered by an Oxford

cap. A tremendous Elizabethan ruff encircled his throat, an Indian shawl draped from the shoulders trailed after him, while velvet knickerbockers and shining pumps with gorgeous buckles completed his attire.

No. 2. The Court Jester. The cap, bells, and genuine harlequin dress seemed well suited to the man who is grotesque and one-sided by nature. He ostentatiously and with many preliminary flourishes announced through a long paper trumpet the approach of the Queen.

No. 3. The Queen appears in royal array, attended by elf, fairy, four maidens, and four swains; the latter march along the deck singing "My Bonnie," until the coronation chair is reached, where they crown the Queen and swear fealty to her on bended knee.

No. 4. Arrival of the King, attended by a page and followed by a choir singing, "Here we come gathering nuts in May."

No. 5. Tug of War between King and Queen. King wins and is crowned King of the May by the Queen.

No. 6. Highland Fling by King and Queen; while this is in progress the satellites and nymphs dance around the May-pole, each holding one of the bright-colored ribbons.

No. 7. Fisher's Hornpipe by Elf and Fairy.

No. 8. Tilting at the Ring. The King is the winner.

No. 9. Cock-fighting.

No. 10. Tug of War between picked men.

No. 11. Tug of War between Starboard and Port watch. (The Starboard watch won.)

No. 12. Presentation of Prizes by the Queen.

No. 13. Sir Roger de Coverly by the Court Circle.

Proclamation by Master of Revels.

Return of Procession.

High tea.

Indian Ocean weather is not altogether agreeable. One feels as if in a continual vapor-bath, although the mercury has not risen above eighty-six degrees in the shade.

May 6th.—Sighted Caffraria, the south-east coast of Africa, this morning. We also had the excitement of catching a thirty-pound albacore. It was a perfect beauty, with a brilliant gold streak from head to tail down its indigo-blue back, while its breast was a shining gray. We are making a splendid run and are only twenty miles from land, being off Cape St. Francis, with the Coxcomb Mountains looming up ahead, and Algoa Bay on the starboard quarter.

May 8th.—It has been rough and miserable for the past thirty-six hours, but to-day is perfect, and nothing could be more beautiful than the Outeniqua Mountains, with exquisite lights and shadows chasing one another in sportive

glee up and down their sides. Perhaps they never seem so fascinating to other than sea-tired eyes, but the mountains themselves are certainly imposing, as they range from two thousand five hundred to five thousand five hundred feet in height.

May 10th.—A favorable wind arose yesterday, which carried us around the Cape, and we are now, at last, in Table Bay, South Africa. High cloud-capped cliffs, with sloping weather-worn sides, covered with russet-hued but velvety-looking turf, interspersed with patches of white sand, is what first meets the eye as one approaches Cape Town. A little farther on the turf becomes green, and the foaming surf, breaking on the beach, then dashed back by the wind in rainbow-tinted spray as the sun peers through the clouds, is a fascinating sight. A shower of light of a thousand prismatic hues playing at the base of Lion's Rump Mountain, forms a dazzling background for the Kloof, with its Dutch and other unique houses stretching along the shore. Table Mountain beyond has its cloth on to-day, for the lovely woolly clouds covering its crest look like fairy damask. I may have seen grander sights, but I have never seen any thing that I more thoroughly enjoyed than the prospect just before us.

One p.m.—A steam-tug has just come out and

offered to tow us up for £15; after some dickering £7 10s. is agreed upon, and we shall be at Cape town in an hour.

Later.—Our going ashore was chiefly noticeable from the manner in which we were lowered into the small boats. A chair was rigged and swung over the ship's side; in it we were seated, and lowered into sail-boats. It was very much like a circus, and the shouts that greeted fat Mr. Brant as he was suspended in mid-air, were deafening. Our hearty laughter over this performance kept us in such good-humor that even the heavy showers of salt spray with which we had been submerged did not dampen our ardor as we stepped ashore in the bright sunshine.

Cape Town.—On landing at the quay, the first men we saw were evidently of Celtic blood. Yes, unmistakable Irishmen were at work, side by side with Caffres, shovelling dirt. We immediately entered hansoms, and drove through various old streets, with houses starting out, houses standing back, at all sorts of irregular lines and angles, but no two alike; and this, together with the total absence of side-walks, made us pronounce Cape Town very foreign and un-English in appearance. After a fair dinner at the International Hotel, we proceeded to the new part of the town. There we saw the superb Houses of Parliament, hand-

some banks, and fine shops filled with the choicest goods; and we almost thought ourselves in Waterloo Place. It is certain that the best of prices are demanded for all one sees in these attractive shops. At the native market, however, held on Saturdays, one can purchase ostrich plumes, tortoise shells, and ivory at reasonable rates.

I find that the Malay question in South Africa is quite as perplexing as is the Chinese in Australia and with us. The Malays are sober, industrious, and frugal, requiring but little upon which to subsist. Many who have accumulated a little means come over from crowded Malacca and Calcutta and start shops here; these they run so well as to defy competition. The majority of the good servants in Cape Town are Malays. They have straight black hair and yellow skins, with bright intelligent eyes which, enhanced by their picturesque attire, render them very superior in appearance to the kinky-haired Hottentots or Caffres. Of these one sees a number, with clay pipes hanging through the lobes of their ears; pierced when quite young, the holes are continually enlarging, until they will hold match-boxes or pipes. Africandoes are abundant, and often good-looking; they are the progeny of European and Hottentot parents. It is remarkable to see the utter contempt with

which each race of colored people regards all others.

The Boers still remain to vex the English with their illiterate representatives in Parliament, for they usually live on large farms, and have but few educational advantages. Even when the parents are wealthy enough to employ tutors, they insist upon their sons going to work at an early age.

The English have expended large sums of money in strongly fortifying Cape Town, and there are always two or three English men-of-war in Simon's Bay. The Dutch will probably never again reign supreme in South Africa.

International Hotel, Cape Town.—While sitting in the glass-covered veranda adjoining my room, luxuriating in the warm sunshine as I listened to the distant murmur of the waves, Lady Byerly was ushered in. I almost cried for joy at the conclusion of a tale so marvellous that it taxes one's powers of credence. I will not attempt to give more than a brief outline of the complex circumstances which led to her unexpected appearance in this place. It happened, soon after we left Australia, that news was received of the illness of Sir Edward Byerly's father, which occasioned the immediate departure of the Byerlys, just a week before the time appointed for Amélie's wedding, so that it, of course, was indefinitely

postponed. Amélie, accompanied by the Duke of Hammerton, sailed from Melbourne with the Byerlys in the Messagerie Maritime's steamer *Lafayette*, and all went merrily until they were caught, the seventh day out, in a fearful cyclone, which disabled them completely. They were almost sinking when the *Caledonia* answered their signals of distress, and sent boats to the rescue. In one of those boats was Sutherland Pelham-Gower, who, by his bravery and wonderful presence of mind, saved many lives. In striking contrast to Sutherland's conduct was the ignoble behavior of the Duke. His Grace, quaking and trembling with fear, forced himself into the first boat with the women and children. After all were safely ensconced on board the *Caledonia*, and she was again under way for Cape Town, the puffy Duke ventured to approach Amélie; but she quietly told him that she had changed her opinion of him, and returned her engagement-ring with disdain. Sutherland, who always thirsted for Amélie's love, was soon reconciled to her, and—well, we are invited to the wedding of Amélie Hardcastle and Sutherland Pelham-Gower to-morrow at St. George's Cathedral!

CHAPTER XX.

“ —My bride,
 My wife, my life. O, we will walk this world
 Yoked in all exercise of noble end,
 And so thro' those dark gates across the wild
 That no man knows.”

TENNYSON.

May 15th.—Immediately after the impressive Episcopal marriage service in the handsome antipodean cathedral, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham-Gower started with us by train for Wynburg. On arriving at the Wynburg depot, there were picturesque Cape carts awaiting us, in which we were driven by our much beangled Caffres to Constantia. Oh, the charm of that drive! We sped over an excellent red-clay road, beautifully shaded by wide-spreading oaks, or by groves of fir-trees. Table Mountain to the right cast a spell like witchcraft o'er our hearts. Its rows of white sentinels the silver-fern trees seemed an array of vestal virgins, summoning us in low, soft murmers to the worship of a sylvan god. A mystic vapor rested gently on the broad crest of the mountain, while in a creamy cloud, dark-outlined against the sky, Jove was almost visible, with Ganymede, near

by, bearing an imperial beaker ablaze with the sun's warmest hues,—a flaming flower of the sugar-bush, containing an amber fluid fresh from nature's press, fit nectar for his Olympian Majesty. We passed low, rambling cottages, having velvety, thatched roofs, and pretentious Dutch villas, with curiously prim gardens and groves of almond trees in the rear. The loquots filled the air with the perfume of their soft fluffy blossoms, nodding and bending in graceful ease as they swayed in the gentle breeze. Amélie enjoyed it all intensely. Mere existence seemed a pleasure to her with such surroundings. Farther on, the road inclined toward the south, and there was only a field of purple heather between us and the bay, whose warm waves no longer dashed themselves in idle fury against the beach; but, as if tamed by the subtle beauty of the scene, gently rolled over the pebbly floor of the enchanting spot. We visited the Cloty place at Constantia, and were shown the great cellars with huge tuns of wine ranged along their sides. It was too late in the autumn to see the wine-making, but we saw many acres of vines trained on short posts *à la Suisse*, and tasting the wine found it quite what one would expect from the sweet lusciousness of the grapes with which we had been feasted.

Our Australian friends, unaccustomed to de-

ciduous trees, groaned over Mr. Cloty's magnificent oaks and elms, which, they feared, were succumbing to some strange, insidious disease; for our pathway was strewn with their fallen leaves. It has been said that the leaf "fades grandly, magnificently, imperially; so that the glory of its coming is eclipsed by the glory of its departure"; but this would not apply to South Africa, where they simply turn a dingy brown and are scattered by the wind before Jack Frost can paint their cheeks with glowing colors to adorn the autumnal landscape.

The dead leaves, however, are the only dull and lifeless features in this land of vivid coloring; for late as it is in the fall, the soft sward is still the tenderest, loveliest green that ever refreshed weary eyes, while the vegetation is tropical in its luxuriance. As we returned to Cape Town with huge bunches of the magnificent wild sugar-flowers and arms full of *Arum* lilies, we were so thoroughly enthusiastic over the beauties of the trip that we voted unanimously that no more lovely wedding journey could possibly have been devised.

To-morrow, Sutherland and his bride are to start on a short trip to Kimberley, going thence to England, and we must say good-by; for my brother and I are to return at once to America.

"No," I say, "I will not say good-by! It must be *Auf Wiedersehen*," and I turn away, carrying in my memory a bright picture of Amélie's bewitching loveliness and Sutherland's happy face, and with the echo of their last words still ringing in my ears, "*Auf Wiedersehen! Auf Wiedersehen!*"

"Ah, who shall help us from over-telling
That sweet forgotten, forbidden lore?
E'en as we doubt, in our heart once more,
With a rush of tears to our eyelids welling,
Love comes back to his vacant dwelling."

THE END.









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